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A DREAM.

BY ASHLEY THORPE.

I have a dream—one only dream—
'Tis ever of the sea—
And in an open shallow boat
I sail alone with thee.

And in the gloom thou'rt lost to me,
And blindly do I grope—
With nameless terrors on each hand
I darkly, vainly cope.

And then I find thee, love, again,
And light, a living beam,
Enfolds us with its golden glow.
I wake—and 'tis a dream!

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXX.

THERE it was!

They were warm and exhilarated from walking when they reached it.

Fair and imposing, if deserted, in daytime, it became at night a piece of gloom, of loneliness, of indescribably grotesque and mysterious influence.

Against the woody background, against the blue-and-silver flooded sky, gaunt and gloomy it rose.

Had it ever been used as a place of dwelling?

Did brave men meet and drink within those walls?

Did lovely ladies tread beneath those massive and majestic arches?

The gay voices grew hushed as they approached.

"Come!" urged the Earl.

They went forward.

As they were about to enter, my lady drew back with a shudder.

"It is so dark!" she cried.

"Here—yes," assented the Earl. "Part of the wall has crumbled down, though from above the first flight. There will be light there. And from the top the view is magnificent!"

This was encouragement.

They went in.

With a whirr of wings, a rush, living things flew past them. A touch, detestably soft, thick, struck the velvet of my lady's cheek.

So intensely nervous, high strung she was to-night.

Again she recoiled with a wild cry.

Had dead fingers brushed her face?

"Only a bat, Lady Silverdale," declared the well-modulated voice of the marquis.

He offered his arm to Lady Iva.

He was beginning to consider the advisability of prolonging his stay in Sussex.

Gad! the people were delightful!

And this sweet and stately maiden hidden in her father's princely home, as was Fair Rosamond in her bower; surely the sleeping beauty of the laureate was not more lovely, more lofty, more altogether winsome and imperious than she!

All the young people indeed enjoyed the nocturnal visit, the glamour of the moonlight, the brisk walk, the solemnity of the place, the occasional cry and whirl of night birds, and, when a fugitive breeze came wandering that way, the creeping rustle of the ivy leaves covering the ruined tower. More than all, perhaps, the thrilling and delightful sense of warm human companionship.

Across the huge apartment of the lowest floor, evidently a banquetting hall in some far-off day, they picked their steps.

Then up the long, winding, irregular stair, here broken, there half-blocked with crumbling stone, to the landing above.

Here, as his lordship had said, was light—a yawning, jagged gap in the wall, through which the white radiance poured in a pallid stream, and barring which a few trails of ivy swung in the riotous and fitful breeze.

"How perfectly heavenly!" murmured Christie to Nora.

But the demure damsel shook her head dissentingly.

"A great big, cold room, with a pile of fallen stone blocking off one corner, in which may lurk goodness knows how many ghosts, who, like Mr. Aldrich's, may not know their names because they 'only died last night.' It may be your idea of Heaven; it isn't mine."

"Oh, come now!" protested Randolph, seeking his eyeglass, with a vague hope that it might imbue him with mental brilliancy. "You she too hahd on a fellah, don't you know. I meant the companionship, the——"

"Oh, you did?" in dismay. "Why, your taste is actually morbid! Owls and bats and all kinds of horrid things—ugh!"

Rudolph groaned. How preposterous she made him appear — him, Rudolph Christie!

"My deah Miss Dallas, I refehed to the delight of youah society."

The Rubens-hatted head of Miss Dallas bowed appreciatively.

"Oh, thank you."

Emboldened by her gratitude, the slave of the glass—the eyeglass—pressed a little the grey-gloved hand upon his arm.

She was very charming, and evidently impressed by him—quite badly hit, in fact!

And he? Well, a fellow might do a good deal worse.

So he brought his auburn mustache—ruddiest auburn it was—close to her ear.

"Oh don't say that; I'm really in earnest I think that you ahe a—a most unusual gihl—theah!"

"No!" in intensest astonishment. "You flatter me too much. But I can safely return the compliment. I never saw, or imagined even, a man like you."

Rudolph wished he could get around and pat himself on the back.

She had joined the army of his hopeless worshippers.

Hopeless? Why that? Why should he not take possession of this fascinating bit of femininity? Fetching? Oh, most awfully so, by Jove!

He pressed the plump fingers a trifle more tenderly.

"Aw!" in the murmurous tones he considered irresistible. "Then may I not hope that you will honah me by a promise of this fair hand——"

But Miss Dallas withdrew suddenly the article of petition.

"Thank you again, so very much. But, as Artemus Ward so sweetly said 'It cannot was!'"

"Miss Dallas!"

They were alone now; the others had gone on upward to the flat tower roof.

"Mr. Christie!"

"Am I to considah——"

"That I must decline 'the burden of an honor unto which I was not born!' Yes."

And striving to hush the laughter which would bubble to her lips, she ran lightly up the twisting stair and joined the others.

Rudolph stared blankly after her.

He, for the moment, as people will in the periods of life forget that which had lately been to them most prized and cherished—he forgot his eyeglass.

And he uttered one emphatic word: "Confusion!"

CHAPTER LXXI.

Up on the tower top the party stood in the silence of absolute awe.

How far they could see in the moonlight! And what a wonderful world was this which unrolled a page of its beauty at their feet!

The dense dark billowing away to the right. To the left the winding ways, the statued, fountained gardens, the shrubberies of Rosedeane.

Beyond these the castle itself, turretted, battlemented, rising royally aloft, every buttress, every cupola, every pinnacle, distinct in the moonlight—a home of pride, of magnificence.

And before them, stars in the blueness, the lights of Rothlyn gleamed.

The bolder of the group went close to the edge, looked down.

How near the sky seemed! How very far below the avenue along which they had come!

A great height! They drew back, feeling nervous and dizzy.

My lady could not be urged to glance over.

"You ought to feel prisoned like a princess, Lady Iva, living amid such romantic surroundings," said the Marquis.

Tall and graceful she stood beside him. A wrap of silk-lined swansdown was cast over the golden head, the straight, young shoulders.

One bare hand, "warm, delicate, dimpled," held the soft folds lightly together at her throat.

And her companion thought that the "passionless, pale, cold face," cut with cameo purity against the blue night sky, was the most perfect, the proudest, he had ever seen.

"I am not prisoned though," she answered.

"You have travelled on the Continent, I believe?"

"A little—yes."

"And lived in London?"

"Of London I know almost nothing. I was to have gone up this spring, to have been presented at the May Drawing-Room. But now—"

She broke off expressively.

"This unfortunate affair of Damyn's murder prevents your doing so. How unfortunate! The accused is a friend of your father's?"

"Yes—of ours!"

A pang went through her heart.

How was she proving her friendship of late? By alternate condemnation, exoneration!

"If the man is innocent——" began the Marquis.

"If," turning to flash on him the indignation, the anger of eyes brilliant as purple diamonds in the moonlight—"there is no if! He is innocent!"

The Marquis of Lampuryfair bowed apologetically.

"I ask your pardon!"

But he drew a breath of comprehension. Did the land indeed lie in that direction? The discovery was something of a blow. But—patience!

The others were descending the stairway. They followed them.

On the floor below they lingered to inspect the curious portholes.

Between the Earl and Iva's companion an animated discussion as to the methods of warfare, ancient and modern, sprang up.

The countess slipped away from them, stood leaning by the great vent in the wall, gazing out.

Lionel had a friend. He was bound to ferret out the murderer of Sir Geoffrey.

How would he be with her if he succeeded?

And yet in her heart she hated to think of that dauntless boy in prison.

The ignominy of it!

Long she stood there, half in the shadow of the wall, thinking, a dreary pain in every thought.

Suddenly the desolation, the silence, seemed to become to her positively trangible.

She turned. They had all gone. They had failed to see her where she stood—had forgotten her.

She was alone at midnight in Ivy Tower. Her breath came quickly; all around she shot lightning glances.

A thousand terrifying imaginings took possession of her.

Should she behold here that face like, so like her own—the face she had seen nailed down under a coffin-lid?

Those wavering shadows brought to mind

"Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody."

From behind yon barricading pile of rock might not "a hideous throng rush out?"

"Ah!"

A low cry escaped her.

Something had moved over there! Something—someone was climbing over the wall-like ledge!

She could move neither hand nor foot.

Through the checkered shine and shadow the figure swiftly came—confronted her!

CHAPTER LXXII.

"A N-NIGHT l-like this a-always makes me remember some v-ver-verses I w-wrote once."

They were out of the darksome tower now hastening up the avenue.

"Head him off, some one!" cried the author from London.

But Barlston persisted.

"It be-began this way:

"'B-brooding is night and s-sweet;
The f-flowers n-nod in a d-dream;
The m-moon that climbs yon steep
Is j-justt as f-fair as c-cream!'"

A painful silence.

Then hysterical, subdued, half-explosive sounds.

The poor, little poet! But to his assistance aid came from an unexpected quarter.

"I like that," Mrs. Vere, lumbering along among them, spoke suddenly. "The last line is especially good. It is so appetising. I was always fond of whipped cream with just a little sugar and a spoonful of sherry or rose-water. I admire your poetry, Mr. Barlston."

There was a burst of irrepressible laughter from the others.

"Thanks!" signed the poet, who had found at last one appreciative heart. "Thanks!"

But his voice sounded as though it had come from his boots.

Those in the rear supposed she was ahead with the Earl and Mrs. Trendworth. They in turn presumed she was behind with the rector or Lady Iva.

"Oh, for a song!" cried the Marquis.

"Yes," seconded Nora Dallas, eagerly—"sing, Iva!"

"Do favor us!" urged the rector.

"Be generous!" implored her escort.

"No—no, no!"

She shrank at the suggestion. Sing! and her heart so sad.

While he lay in his lonely cell—and she was at times such a cruel judge, so full of scorn of him! Why, she had not sung since Christmas night, when Sir Geoffrey had paused at the doors long enough to hear her song.

Distinctly she recalled him as he waited, listening, the lamplight shining down on his blonde head, his pale, highbred face.

What had she sung? Something Mr.

O'Donnell had urged her to give them. She remembered it now; but she did not know, she never would know that the refrain of that song, that alone, had brought Damyn back to Silverdale Castle that night with his planned purpose uncompleted.

How did it run:

"Oh, what was love made for if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I ask not, I care not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!"

The simple, sincere lines! They thrilled her as might a magical invocation.

She thought of Lionel. His face seemed to grow out of the night before her—that splendid resolute face, with the firm, handsome mouth and brave, loving, brilliant eyes. She remember his steadfastness, his innate nobility, his infinite grace of thought which blossomed into speech. And all her soul went out to him in one dumb and passionate cry, which not for a crown, not for a kingdom would she have voiced, even to herself,—

"I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!"

"Lillian!"

The Earl had stopped—called out.

"Lady Silverdale? She is not with us."

They were almost home.

"Not with all?"

A brief excuse to Mrs. Trendworth. Then the Earl dashed toward the advancing group.

"Are you certain?"

"Quite certan."

"How could it have happened?" he cried. "She will be frightened to death. We have left her alone—behind us—in Ivy Tower!"

Backward, along the path they had just traversed, he started on a run. More agile than many a younger man, he ran fleetly, without pausing.

Hot and breathless he grew; but he raced right on. A long time it took him to retrace his way, or so it seemed to him—a long time.

He strained his eyes. Might he not discern in the distance the familiar little figure?

There was no human thing in sight. Perhaps she had fainted when she found herself alone.

Compassionate, as are all strong and tender natures, he almost forgot her sin and his alienation, in the thought of her possible fear—loneliness.

At last!

He could see the great green walls ahead. He pushed on.

Reached!

He bounded up the slight elevation upon which the tower stood, sprang under the dusky entrance arch just as a man came rushing down the winding stair, leaped past him, almost knocking him over in his reckless haste, cleared the threshold; and sped away into the moonlight—into the darkness of the demense!

CHAPTER LXXIII.

WHO was he?

Pursuit would be in vain. Indeed he felt stunned.

"Lillian!"

The croaking cry. Its hoarseness startled him.

Her voice answered him from above. Her little high heeled shoes came clicking down the bare stone steps.

A moment more and she stood beside him.

Neither broke the oppressive silence. He caught her by the arm. He hurried her out of that weird place of shadow. Without he relaxed his grasp and faced her.

"Who is he?"

"Is who, Harold?"

She tried to speak fearlessly. Her voice would not obey her will. It sounded faint and broken.

"The man who sprang past me just now?"

"Harold—"

He threw his hand up with an imperious gesture.

"Take care! Do not oblige me to use brutal words to you—to tell you you lie!"

A harsh speech; but he was hardly himself. One suspicion piling up upon another had spurred him to the verge of insanity.

She fell back.

"That threat is brutal," she said in a low tone.

He did not hear her.

"Listen!" he cried, "and answer! What new lover do you meet here by day—by night?"

Lover?

Yes, that was the very woird. A genuine horror came into those wide, dry eyes of hers. Lover! Now may heaven have pity on her if it had come to this between them, for no wedded wife could be more true than she in fealty to him.

Lover! How the word dased, dismayed her!

She could not speak. And he thought her silence guilt.

"Ah, you offer no denial!"

The bitter taunting words were just the last she needed.

"Denial!" she echoed, with shaking lips. "Both your accusation and your threat preclude that!"

Pathetic in its pallor was the small face framed in by the hood of crimson-lined fur.

He was touched. He discarded his air of severe disdain.

"Tell me," almost pleadingly, "the truth."

She flung back her head. She looked him straight and full in the face.

Up the avenue she could catch the sound of voices. Others were coming to meet them.

"Have the truth then! You are my only lover," every word stabbing the air like a stiletto, "and," more slowly still, "I wish to heaven I had never looked upon your face."

She wheeled around, sped away, left him standing there.

"There is the Countess."

"Ah, Lady Silverdale!"

"Did we really desert you?"

"Did you see a ghost?"

They closed about her with merry comment and questions.

"Oh, yes," she cried, loudly—"yes, indeed, I saw a ghost! A real, live ghost—yes."

And then she broke out in wild, hysterical sobs, in shrill, resounding, uncanny laughter.

"Little mamma!"

Iva made her way to her side.

The Earl hurried up.

But she only laughed on—laughed and cried in a breath.

"Hysteria," someone said.

They took her home; they sent for Dr Cullen.

He came. He went up to my lady's dainty room, where Iva opened the door for him. He looked very grave.

In the hall the Earl walked up and down, awaited his descent.

He came at last.

"Brain fever," he said.

CHAPTER XXLIV.

A CLEAN and cosy little room. On the walls a bright, be-flowered paper; on the floor a square of crimson drugget; in the iron grate a cheerful sea coal fire—it actually smelled cheerful; on the one modest window a pair of snowy Swiss curtains; on the walls a few very brilliant pictures, concerning the artistic merits of which, perhaps, the less said the better.

On the round table in the centre of the apartment a clear, porcelain-shaded lamp and by the table, in a heavy, old-fashioned chair - a gentleman.

He matched the chair; he was old-fashioned too. His clothes, of the richest of material, were obviously antiquated as to cut, his linen was ruffled; his tie was painfully exact, big black bow, and from his massive watch-chain swung two large topaz seals.

A hale and hearty man still, Mr. Francis Vale, despite his sixty odd years. Tall, muscular, energetic, with a clever, keen, bold-featured face. The high-bridged nose indicated character; the close pressed lips had a sort of saturnine grimness; the deep-set eyes held a snap which bespoke their owner's quick temper, and a twinkle which belied the same; silvery hair, shaggy brows, and a still dark moustache—quite a bristling ferocious moustache—and—now you have seen him.

A knock!

"Come in!"

The portal was pushed ajar.

"Ah, mine host! Bad night!"

"Mine host" advanced and set carefully down on the red table-cloth the tray he carried.

A bright silver tray it was, and it bore two tumblers which positively abone with polishing, a decanter containing a vintage of a deep golden hue, a blue china sugar bowl, surmounted by a quaint claw tongs—also a wine glass, two spoons, a knife and a lemon.

The proprietor of the Silverdale Arms turned his sandy head on one side and took a silent inventory.

At least, so he presumably was doing, for his eyes never could be brought to regard together any certain object. They were strong-willed eyes, and evidently held conflicting opinions.

So just now while one glanced over the other gazed upon the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire (whom the explanatory line underneath declared it to be) which adorned the opposite wall. The double survey was evidently satisfactory, for he smiled, rubbed his hands, and looked at his guest.

"Bad, sir? Yes, sir. Hawful bad night, sir. Never was no worse, sir. Hearken to that wind, sir. Black as Rubus, too, sir."

"As what?"

"Rubus, sir!"

Mr. Francis Vale, bending toward the fire to adjust the little fat brass kettle singing thereon, turned his head.

"Erebus, you mean."

"Precisely so," assented Mr. Dock, not at all disconcerted. "I knowed it was the name of some one black."

"Oh!"

And now the twinkle in his eye had quite eclipsed the snap.

"Hanything more, sir?"

"No. Hold on, though."

He "held on." He looked at the duchess—or, rather, the eye which seemed to especially admire the duchess looked at her (oh, poor Georgiana to be thus portrayed); the other regarded his guest.

Those stupid detectives did not seem to be making any headway in the miserable Silverdale murder business; thought that same guest. He could do better himself, by George! He had half a mind to try. He wondered if this fat old fellow with the full moon face—harvest moon at that—the "contrairy" eyes and the ruby nose, could help him out at all.

It was worth finding out.

"Davis in?"

"No, sir."

Davis was a profession from Scotland Yard especially employed on this case.

The second tumbler and second spoon were originally intended for Davis.

But Mr. Dock would no doubt be quite as appreciative.

"Sit down."

"Eh, sir?"

The rebellious eye hurriedly left the picture of Georgiana.

"I said sit down."

He had quite an imperious way about him which awed his inferiors.

Meekly Mr. Dock sat down. Deliberately the gentleman from London cut his lemon and laid a slice in his tumbler. On the lemon he just as thoughtfully deposited two cubes of sugar. From the decanter he filled the wine glass once and half again, and poured the golden liquor over the sugar. Then he took the little brass kettle from the fire, and almost filled his tumbler with the boiling water. He smelled, sipped—and smiled.

"Go ahead!"

CHAPTER LXXV.

MR. DOCK stared up.

"Yes, sir."

"I mean make yourself a glass of toddy."

"Oh, sir?"

"Hurry up!"

"Now tell what you know about the murder of Sir Geoffrey Damyn."

The proprietor of the inn sitting stiffly on a slippery horse hair chair, glass in hand, began a glib recital of the main facts of the tragedy.

"Oh, hang that rot, man! Everyone knows what everyone knows. Tell me the suspicion of the town folks—your own suspicions. Or do you believe Curzon guilty?"

"No, sir," he cried emphatically.

"Ah, indeed!"

The exclamation was interestedly interrogative.

"No, sir; no more guilty than—begging your pardon, sir—than you are. Him, sir? why, he wouldn't harm a dog, sir! If he thought the other gentleman needed killing, sir, he'd have downed him in a fair fight—not have shot him in the back, sir. When Jem Harris broke his leg, and was laid up, who supported his family till he could get around? Mr. Lionel, sir. When young Tommy Ginnis was to be sent up for poachin', who went to the magistrates and says, 'It's his first wrong step. Give him a bit of mercy. He's only a lad.' And they did? Mr. Lionel, sir. When my poor boy was sick for months—he's gone now, sir—who'd drop in most every night?—and none he liked to so well, always kind and pleasant. Mr. Lionel, sir. And ye think he'd commit murder—Mr. Lionel, Sir?"

The stout prosaic inkeeper was a fervent defender. It was not the whisky toddy which inspired him, for he had not yet drank it.

"I don't think so, my good man."

There was neither flash nor twinkle in those deeply-intrenched eyes just now—just a dimness.

It spoke well for the prisoner that he had awakened such affection, such loyalty as this!

He must be his father's son, Mr. Vale decided. And he was glad he was doing his poor best to help him.

Two minutes—five—ten.

It was a nasty night without. March has a notoriously unpleasant reputation. This particular evening confirmed with a vengeance the reason for the same.

They could hear the spiteful wind snarling around the house; the rain blustering at the window.

"Have you no reason to suspect anyone else?" Vale asked, draining his glass.

Dock shook his head.

"Think again. Any suspicious characters around town? Or were there any about that time? You ought to know."

Again that negative gesture.

The other persevered.

"Anyone leave town suddenly about Christmas?"

He proceeded to cut another slice of the lemon.

"Not that I know of, sir. Unless——"

He stopped.

"Unless whom?"

Mr. Dock laughed.

"Oh, he never done it either, sir. But he left kind of hasty like. He told as how he'd got a lot of money from his brother in America, and he was going there hat once."

There was a flush under Mr. Vale's shaggy brows. But he went on concocting a second supply of spiritual refreshment.

"When did you say he left?"

"Between Christmas and New Year, sir!"

"What is his name?"

"Rick Pollen."

"How much money had he?"

"Fifty pounds."

"When did he receive it?"

"Christmas Day, he told the boys."

"Thank you! Good night, Mr. Dock?"

Thus dismissed, Mr. Dock finished his punch and retired.

Half an hour passed.

Then came another knock.

"Oh, come in!"

He came in—Davis.

A dapper, youngish man, with a pair of well-brushed side whiskers and a mouthful of dazzling, false teeth.

"Anything new?"

"The Countess of Silverdale is down with brain fever."

"All the worse for the countess. But we have nothing to do with her. Listen! I've been playing ferret myself to-night!"

Briefly he repeated Dock's admission.

"I want you to find out all about this chap to-morrow, and to discover at the bank if he really cashed an American cheque there. Perhaps there is nothing in his abrupt departure, and there may be a good deal."

Davis bowed.

And the result of the following day's investigation was a telegram sent to "Luke Pollen, E. Taylor Street, Illinois, U. S.," and the message within ran as follows:

"Insist on your brother Rick returning to Rothlyn at once. His evidence required. All expenses paid.

"(Signed.) FRANCIS VALE."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

YOU are feeling stronger, I trust?"

The formal, icy inquiry. It chilled her as no utter neglect could have done.

"Thank you, yes!"

He bowed and began busying himself with some papers on the centre table.

She turned her head languidly away, and lay cuddled down among her silken cushions on the broad lounge.

A delicious day! sweeter far in its freshness, its springtime fragrance than would be its unborn summer sisters, deep-hearted and full-blown.

If March had come in like a lion, and so it assuredly had, it was going out like the mildest, the most demure of lambs.

What a weary month it was—what an inexpressibly miserable month!

So ill had my lady been—ill almost unto death! But again, as in her girlhood, when she had prayed for a kiss, that capricious monarch had passed her by.

With the assurance of her serious sickness all her guests had gone—that is, all except Mrs. Vere, who seemed to be a fixture.

Doctor Cullen desired a consultation on her case, so they had sent to the city for a famous physician.

He came, and it was his opinion that her disease was rather mental than physical. He prohibited mention of an exciting

topic in her presence, and enjoined absolute rest.

When he returned to town he sent down a nurse, a quiet capable woman. She and Iva tended the invalid night and day for three tedious weeks.

What a frantic delirium was hers! They shuddered as they listened to her wild, incoherent talk—of a murdered man, of the shot which killed him, of Ivy Tower, of Geoffrey—Geoffrey! of a ghost, of a dead woman's face, of Harold.

Not once during that burning, babbling illness did the Earl enter the sick room. He was afraid to do so. He did not want to hear her crazy cries. To the others they were mere jargon. To him they would mean more than the ravings of an invalid.

So every morning and every night he made polite inquiries regarding her, but he did not ask to see her.

Lady Iva knew that something was wrong—that her father no longer loved the young wife of whom he had talked to her that day in the Belgian hospital with such impassioned affection.

Those days of tiresome attendance in a sick chamber were very trying on the girl herself.

She grew thin. Dark shadows came under those luminous violet eyes of hers. Far less seldom than of old that quick, glad, winsome smile she used to wear curved rose red lips.

Her father looked at her often and anxiously.

How fond she was of her step-mother! How devoted to her! But the fatigue of nursing was telling on her.

It was not all the fatigue of nursing, could he have known.

In these days of sadness, of seclusion, she came to know her own heart. It forced her to hear its secret, so loudly it beat out in the midnight watches when all the house was still—in the chill dusk of the dawns.

At last the dragging days are done.

My lady woke, sane, but weak and helpless as a little child.

To day—the last day of March it was—the nurse had taken her up bodily and carried her down to the library.

There Lady Iva awaited her.

There was the lounge heaped high with downy pillows. There was a steaming, shining urn and a salver bearing the most tempting of dainties. There a friendly little fire crackled a welcome. There a big Nankin bowl filled with hyacinths, pink and cream blue, snedding perfume through the room. There, best of all, the streaming amber radiance of the spring sunshine.

But the tiny creature in the loose dressing gown scarcely saw the loving preparations for her reception, the refreshing beauty of the day.

Iva bent and kissed her, patted her pillows, and told her how pleasant it was to have her down again.

But the large grey eyes looked vainly around; then moved to the fire, and stared at it with a sullenness which only masked most bitter disappointment.

"A step—his—at last!"

A pitiful little spark of color dashed out in her white cheek and died almost at birth.

She had not seen him since the night she had been stricken down—not since the moment she had cried out to him so passionately that she wished she had never looked upon his face.

How would he meet her now? Tenderly as of old, or—

Iva rose.

"I am going for a walk, little mamma."

She passed out the lower door as the Earl strode in at the upper.

The decided step paused.

Was he hesitating as to whether he should advance at all, or not.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

HE came slowly over to the lounge beside the hearth, looked down upon its occupant.

That Lilian?

He was really shocked by the change in her.

Her hair had been cut close; she looked woefully worn and wasted; the velnson the milk-white temples were blue and distinct; the small hands looked smaller than ever and almost transparent.

But with his dismay, with his impulse of sympathy, commiseration, came the recollection of her crime.

He spoke coldly.

With all the dignity she could muster, she replied in tones just as frigid.

Then silence, intensely irritating, laden with tragedy, fell upon them.

Did he think she lied to him that night at Ivy Tower? He must, or why this studied estrangement?

Ah, it had been a long time growing! Who could tell what first had caused the "little rift with in the lute?"

What had he meant by saying a new lover? He knew nothing of Geoffrey—at least he had known nothing, believed nothing, up to Christmas day.

How affectionate he had been then! Never since.

And the night of that day Sir Geoffrey was killed. He had told the Earl nothing; he had had no chance to speak to him.

What if, walking in the demense, Harold had found the revolver which she, so recklessly, so foolishly had flung away?

The thought startled her.

But the next moment she was ready to smile at her fear.

Even so, he would never think of associating her with such a weapon, never dream that she possessed such a clumsy and repulsive toy.

No it had not been found at all. If it had been she would certainly have heard. It had probably fallen in some hollow, some bush or clump of bushes, and there it would remain—for years, perhaps.

Closer she drew her Indian shawl about her shoulders, and snuggled down in her perfumed nest.

The rustle of the Earl's paper reached her ear.

She did not turn her head in his direction, just lay, her unnaturally bright eyes fixed full on the grate, and thought and thought.

Lionel! He was probably in prison yet, poor boy.

She must find out just when his trial was to take place. If able, she would be present. It was terribly hard he should be jailed like a common criminal for another's sin?

They could not convict him—oh, no! But if they should do so? Then she must speak. Tell the truth? Not that; she dare not do that! But concoct some plausible story—she could trust he woman's wit not to fail her.

Perjury!

Conscience, like a cruel snake, hissed the one word.

She shrank. He would not be convicted—would not need her testimony. If he were—well, yes, then! It would, must be perjury—just that!

How warm the room was! Her eyes fairly ached from the hearth glow—she was tired.

The heavy lips drooped, lifted, drooped again—shut.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Vere waddled into the room.

"Lilian!"

Lord Silverdale involuntary lifted a warning hand.

"I think she is asleep."

"That she is."

At the side of the low lounge she stood.

"She has been very ill!" in guttural whisper.

"Yes," replied his lordship.

Soundly she slept, one delicate hand thrown upwards—a hand with a zigzag red scar across the waxen fairness of the palm.

Absently Mrs. Vere regarded the mark. When and where had she first noticed it? It was singularly familiar.

"Goodness gracious!"

The exclamation was not loud, but it was emphatic.

She sank into the nearest chair, an expression of bewilderment on her countenance.

His lordship glanced up.

"I can't understand," she confided to him, still in that loud whisper. "Did you ever notice that mark on Lilian's hand?"

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

YES, he had observed it, was the Earl's reply to Mrs. Vere.

"Well, when Marguerite came home from London with her hand—her left hand, too—tied up, we all asked her about it. The cause, she said, I think, was a bottle of scent which had broken in her grasp. Her palm was badly cut. And now here is Lilian with exactly the same sort of a scar—and on her left hand, too."

Blankly the Earl stared at the old lady.

She was leaning across the table, voluble and amazed.

"I can't understand it, as I said. Those two were enough alike, Heaven knows, without going and hurting themselves in just the same way."

"Hush!"

She looked questionably around. The little figure, half buried in the pillows, was stirring.

The Earl rose and left the room.

He felt oddly dismayed.

There was nothing strange about Mrs. Vere's discovery—decidedly not. Nevertheless it seemed to daze him.

He would go down to the smoking-room—have a cigar—get rid of mysteries for awhile.

Along the passage he walked quickly.

"Hullo! I beg your pardon."

He had almost knocked down a portly individual, attired in all the noise and splendor of a new black silk, who was coming towards him.

"I ask yours, sir. Good Hevings!"

Another feminine exclamation.

Deep down in his heart I'm afraid his lordship swore. The new comer had fallen against the opposite wall in an ecstasy of recognition.

Her face was that of a stranger.

The Earl paused expectantly. Clearly she was expected to speak.

She made him a bow. And she spoke.

"I was clean taken off my feet, sir, an' you must forgive my flusteration, because I never expected to see you again."

"Indeed!"

His lordship smiled.

Where had she sprung from?

"No, sir; but I allus remembered your beard and your smile."

Ah, here was a romantic mystery.

"You did! Well, that was awfully good of you! But who under the sun are you?"

A leading question, that!

"Mrs. Martin Simpson, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Martin Simpson"—with profoundly reverential enunciation—"where did you ever see me? and why do you come here?"

"I come here for a visit, seeing as I'm own first cousin to Mrs. Brown."

"The housekeeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

"An' I seen you—your picture, rather—on the heart of a corpse."

His lordship swore—out loud this time.

But Mrs. Martin Simpson held her ground.

"Yes, sir. I keep the 'Royal Bull,' where the young lady, Miss Marguerite Woodville, died."

"Oh, you do? Well, I'm not much enlgthened. What has this to do with me?"

"Nothing, sir; except that I laid her out for the dismal tomb, an' in doing so I found a locket around her neck."

"Yes."

"I opened it. I oughtn't, I suppose. The other lady—the Countess—seemed dreadful put out when I told her."

"Go on!" he cried.

"Well, there isn't any more," avowed Mrs. Martin Simpson. "The dead young lady had a locket on her heart, and the face in it was your face, as I'm a living woman."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH.—There are many very warm spots on the torrid zone, but Bohrin, by the Gulf of Persia, seems to be, as far as temperature goes, absolutely without a rival. For forty consecutive days in July and August, last year, which was not an exceptional season, the thermometer was known not to fall lower than 100° Fahrenheit, night or day, and often ran up as high as 128° in the afternoon. Nature, as if to make the spot as intolerable to human beings as possible, has banished all water from the rocks of the locality—at least none has ever been procured by digging to depths of nearly 500 feet, and the numerous pits or dry wells in the neighborhood show how thoroughly the upper stratum has been tapped. In spite of these apparently insuperable obstacles, however, mankind has contrived to flourish and multiply in this region to an amazing extent, and the necessary fresh drinking water (which the land has refused to yield) is obtained from the bottom of the Gulf of Persia, where at a distance more than a mile from the shore, innumerable copious springs burst forth.

CONSCIENCE IN WORK.—The greatest need of the day is more conscience in work. The habit of doing what we have to do as well, as thoroughly, and as speedily as possible, without immediate reference to its probable or possible effects upon ourselves, is one which would of itself secure at once the best success for ourselves and the greatest good of the community. It would settle many vexed questions and solve many knotty problems. Instead of this, the common course is to consider closely the comparative benefit that is likely to accrue to us in return. There are all degrees of this calculation, from the strictly just to the grossly selfish. One man tries to estimate the true worth of his labor and performs it according; another gives as little work and secures as large returns as possible; and between these there is every shade. But in all such reckonings there is one important element left out. No one can count up the value of the labor which is both generous and conscientious; even its money-value can never be calculated.

Bric-a-Brac.

BREACH OF ETIQUETTE.—To take off his hat on entering the room of a friend or an acquaintance would be a breach of etiquette on the part of the Chinaman. To keep on his spectacles when on a visit would be so, too.

SWALLOWS.—All the birds of the swallow kind fly high at the advent of or during fine weather, and low before a storm. These facts are accounted for by another. When the weather is calm, the ephemerae upon which swallows feed fly high in air, but just over the earth or water if it be rough.

AUCTIONEERS.—The ways of auctioneers in different parts of the world vary greatly. In England and America the seller bears the expense of the sale; but in France the purchaser bears the cost, five per cent. being added to his purchase. In Holland it is still worse, the buyer being required to pay ten per cent. additional for the expenses of the sale.

THE BLIND.—A peculiarity about the blind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action, continue to smoke for a short while, but soon give up the habit. They say it affords them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke, and some have said they cannot taste the smoke unless they see it.

WELL-DRESSING.—The ancient custom of well-dressing takes place at Buxton, Eng., in the third week in June every year. All the fountains and springs are then decorated with boards of various fantastic and tasteful designs. These are covered with moist clay, and flowers are inserted, the whole forming a beautiful mosaic—rich, natural and artistic. The entire town is gay with flags and bunting, triumphant arches span the streets, banners stream from the principal buildings, and bands of music incite the morris-dancers and other reminders of old English sports into activity.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A BANK-NOTE.—There is a certain ceremony which attends the death and burial of a Bank of England note. It is only three days after its cancelling that it is carried to its last home in the Banknote Library. Its first dark day of nothingness is spent in the inspector's office, where severe judges sit in judgment on its virtue. During its second day it and its thirty or forty thousand fellows done up into parcels, are counted and sorted; that is to say, each parcel is dealt out like a pack of cards, according to dates and denominations of value. The third day they are posted in ledgers, which are kept as indexes to the paid notes; and then, on the evening of their last day in the upper regions of light and air, they are carried down with scant ceremony in huge bags to the Banknote Library.

STEEL PENS.—The millions of steel pens used in the world are all made by very few firms. Three are in this country, three in Great Britain, and one each in France and Germany and Italy; and all these manufacturers purchase the raw material, which is sheet steel finely rolled, from a single establishment in Sheffield, England. To make this crude stuff into a finished pen it has to be passed through fourteen different processes, after which each pen is examined and tested by an expert. Little does the school boy who handles a pen realize the work it takes to make one of these indispensable articles. Gillot's steel pens, which are so widely used are made in Birmingham, England; but in this industry, and especially in the making of gold pens, Americans are coming to equal, if not to excel, the artisans abroad.

THE VOICE OF THE LARK.—The lark ascends until it looks no larger than a midge and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet, says a writer in a contemporary, every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile away from the nest over which the bird utters it song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment—a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Even a practised public speaker, though he can pause at the end of each sentence, finds the applause of the audience a very welcome relief. Further, the singer and speaker need to use no exertion save exercising their voices. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by continuous use of its wings.

NOT LOST FOR EVER.

BY SUSANNA J.

Not wholly lost are those departed years
Whose mem'ry thou recallest with a sigh—
Until the flow'rs fall off no fruit appears,
No corn matures beneath a cloudless sky.

And thou who goest sadly all these days,
Finding but scanty harvest for the care—
Pure guardian angels watch thy toilsome ways,
And breathe their blessings on thee unaware!

It may be that the Future shall restore
The wondrous beauty of thy lost delight,
With all the beauty that of old it wore—
Heav'n's possibilities are infinite!

God can restore the Summers that are lost,
The good that we have sought for but in vain,
The work unvalued and the fair hopes crossed—
In His bright Future all may live again.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVIL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

AS FOR him, the couple of hours he spent by her side were an intoxication and a delight that soon wrought a change in him. His face lost something of its paleness, and all its haggardness, and his passion for Norah, growing upon this close companionship, assumed gigantic proportions.

But his ministration did not end in getting her a horse and teaching her to ride.

Almost every hour of the day he found sometime he could do for her.

He had rendered himself indispensable to the earl at Santleigh, and he slipped into the life at Park Lane as easily as he had done at the Court.

It was he who suggested visits to the theatres or concerts, and he who got the tickets and secured the seats; and if the earl not not care to go, as was often the case, Guildford Berton was there to play escort to Norah and Lady Ferndale.

He was always satisfied to remain in the back-ground, to sit behind Norah's chair, to hold her programme or bouquet. He had always got her opera cloak ready; his arm was always at her service.

"I wish I didn't dislike your Mr. Guildford Berton so much; or, rather, I wish I liked him better, Norah," said Lady Ferndale one evening when Guildford Berton had been more than usually useful and unobtrusively attentive.

Norah gave a little start; she had been looking at the stage and watching the acting but her thoughts were far away from the play, which was being admirably performed, and she replied listlessly.

"Do you dislike him so much?"

"Y-es, I'm afraid so. 'Pon my word I don't know why, for he has really vastly improved, and I'm constantly hearing from people that they consider him a remarkably nice man.

"Yes," said Norah indifferently. "But why do you call him 'my' Mr. Berton?"

Lady Ferndale looked at her half curiously, and smiled.

"Well, my dear, he really seems to belong to you as much as if he wore a collar with your name engraved upon it."

Norah's brows came together, and a look half impatient, half troubled, passed over her face.

"He is staying with papa," she said quietly. "He is his friend more—rather than mine."

"He is a very useful friend, anyway," responded Lady Ferndale. "Here he comes with our cloaks; and I'm sure he'll have got the carriage close to the door, however great the crush may be. An extremely useful young man! We were just wondering how you contrived to manage things as you do, Mr. Berton," she said to him as he entered the box, and announced in quiet tones that the carriage was waiting; and her tone was more gracious than it usually was when she addressed him.

"We never have to wait for anything when we have you to look after us. Now, I'll be bound you have bribed or bullied the policeman to let our carriage get to the front."

"I don't like ladies hanging about in the lobbies," he said gravely. "They are always draughty. It would not do for you—or Lady Norah—to catch cold."

"Especially Lady Norah," said Lady Ferndale archly, and smiling; but Norah looked colder and more unresponsive than before, and having put them into the carriage he walked off to a club to which he belonged, and going to the smoking-room sat himself down in a dim corner and reviewed the situation.

Was it time to strike yet? Did he dare to avow himself? His face grew hot and then cold as he pictured Norah's start of surprise, and perhaps contempt, and anger, and scorn when he told her that he—loved her.

And the earl? What reception would he give the news?

It was late when he reached Park Lane, and he let himself in by his latch key, and entered the house quietly.

He was going straight to his room when he saw that the door was half open of a small room which the earl used as his own, and noticing that there was a light burning he thought that the servants had forgotten to put out the lamp.

Even with this trivial matter he connected Norah in his thoughts.

"If the house would only catch fire, and I might be lucky enough to save her!" he thought. "Perhaps that might help me; I'd burn down all London if by so doing I could secure her."

He pushed open the door, and was surprised to see the earl sitting at the table.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not know you were here, and was coming to put out the lamp——"

Then he stopped, and hurried to the earl's side, for he saw that his face was white and drawn, and that he was ill. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Are you ill?"

The earl put out his hand warningly, and looked towards to door.

"Yes, I—I am not well, Guildford," he said feebly. "Don't—don't be alarmed."

"But I am alarmed," said Guildford Berton with simulated anxiety. "What is it?"

The earl tried to rise, but fell back; and even as he did so he took out his pocket-handkerchief and tried to wave it in his usual stately fashion.

"It is—er—nothing very much," he replied. "A—a sudden faintness. I believe the medical men term it—er—pressure on the heart. Probably I have been—er—reading to long."

"I'll get you something," said Guildford Berton, and he went up to his room and fetched some sal-volatile, thinking swiftly all the time. Would it be better for him that the earl should die or live?

"Thank you, thank you," said the old man, with a stately bow of his shaking head.

"Have you had an attack like this before?" asked Guildford Berton.

"Yes," replied the earl, "this is the third. But I beg you will not alarm yourself; it is a—a mere nothing. I—I am not a young man"—he waited a moment, as if he hoped that Guildford would be bold enough to contradict him—"and these—er—attacks try me."

There was silence for a moment, then he said—

"There is a flask of perfume in that drawer; will you give it me, please? Thanks. Did you—er—spend a pleasant evening?"

"Yes," said Guildford.

"You are later than usual."

"I looked in at the club after I had sent Lady Norah home," said Guildford, still watching the white drawn face closely.

"Ah, yes, she has come home?" murmured the earl, passing his hand over his forehead with a confused air. "She did not come in to wish me good-night as usual," he added after a pause, and with a kind of repressed anxiety. "That was—er—unlike her, Guildford."

Inwardly surprised, Guildford Berton said—

"I expect she thought you were engaged writing or reading, and did not like to disturb you, sir."

"Ah, perhaps so," he assented. "Er—you may have noticed, Guildford, that Norah has an affectionate nature."

"Indeed, yes."

"I—er—should not like her to be alarmed."

Still more surprised at this novel exhibition of the earl's regard for his daughter's feelings, Guildford Berton nodded assent.

"I beg you will not mention this—er—slight attack of mine to her, Guildford."

"Certainly not, my lord," he said quietly. "I should be the last person in the world to cause Lady Norah any disquietude or anxiety."

The earl inclined his head.

"You are considerateness itself, Guildford," he said.

After a moment he added—

"I—er—think I will consult Sir Andrew to-morrow morning. These attacks may be of little gravity, but still——"

He stopped, and startled Guildford by suddenly exclaiming with perfect naturalness, "My God! am I going to die?"

"Oh, no, no," Guildford responded quickly. "Everybody is subject more or less to these—fainting fits, my lord. You will find Sir Andrew will attach no sinister importance to them."

"I hope not; I—er—hope not," faltered the old man; and then, as if ashamed of his sudden outburst, he said—

"I—er—was thinking of Norah, Guildford. It would be—terrible to leave her alone. She has no mother, no one. If she were married——"

He stopped and leant back with a sigh.

Guildford Berton's breath came fast, and his face grew hot.

"You would feel more at ease?" he said.

The earl moved his hand assentingly.

"Yes, yes; she is young and—inexperienced. She is just the girl to be led away by her feelings. I have never mentioned it to you, but I had a dread of her becoming entangled by that young scoundrel who ran away with Betsy North—South—I have forgotten her name."

"Oh, no, my lord," said Guildford Berton, in a low voice. "You wronged Lady Norah by such a suspicion."

"I am delighted to hear it," faltered the old man. "But she is—impressionable and impulsive; she might marry—imprudently; I should have seen to it. Yes!" He drew a heavy sigh. "I fear——"—he was going to say, "I have not done my duty," but he could not bring himself to utter such self-condemnation. "The—the subject pains me."

"And me also," said Guildford Berton, in a low voice, and with downcast eyes.

Should he seize the opportunity created by the old man, and avow himself?

The earl looked up at him.

"I beg your pardon, Guildford? Painful to you?" he asked, with polite interrogation.

"Yes, my lord," said Guildford Berton, his face white, his lips set. "It is not the time,"—he moistened his lips—"there can be no time, perhaps, in which I should speak of what lies so near my heart as to be a matter of life or death to me, but your lordship's words—your mention of Lady Norah's possible marriage——"

The earl looked at him as he faltered and stammered with a stare of feeble surprise and bewilderment.

"I fear I fail to comprehend," he said "Are you in any trouble? What has Norah to do with it?

"Everything, alas!" responed Guildford Berton. "I must speak out now, my lord," he went on, "even though by so doing I lose your friendship. But, oh, I do trust you will bring yourself to remember how much your words will mean to me, that for years past I have experienced nothing but kindness at your hands, and that now I need it and your forbearance more than I have ever done. Be generous, I beseech you!"

The earl struggled into an upright position and stared at the white face with a puzzled frown.

"What is this?" he said huskily. "Have you—been getting into debt, Guildford?"

"Debt? No, my lord. If that were all, I should fear far less acutely the doubt and fear that oppress me. My lord, what I have to tell you, the confession I must make, will, I know take you by surprise, but I plead for your forbearance, your generosity, I love Lady Norah!"

The earl stared at him for a moment as if he did not comprehend.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "What was that you said about Lady Norah? I—I am afraid this attack has left me a little deaf, Guildford."

"I said, sir, that I love Lady Norah," said Guildford Berton, biting his lip and breathing hard. "I have loved her, sir, since——"

The earl struggled to his feet, and, still looking at him, broke into a laugh.

It was a horrible laugh; full of scornful amazement, almost of amusement.

"You have been—drinking, sir?" he said, not sternly, but with simple contempt.

Guildford Berton stared as if the old man had struck him; indeed, he would have preferred a blow to that awful laugh and those scornful words.

"Excuse me," said the earl. "I—I—er—have not been well this evening, as you are aware, and am not in a fit condition to enjoy this tipsy jest. Will you—er—leave me, please?" and he waved a shaky hand towards the door.

Guildford Berton's face resembled the popular idea of a devil's at that moment more than an ordinary human being's.

His hands clenched, and he took a step nearer to the old man, drawn to his full height, and regarding him haughtily.

"You—you dare to insult me!" he said hoarsely. "You treat it as a—a jest. By God, you shall find it no jest my lord! I've told you that I love her—I say it again. Do you hear? I love her, love her! And I say more, I will marry her! I'll marry her for all your scorn, you old fool!"

He was mad, really mad with fury and disappointment for a moment, and the years of patient service and truckling and dissimulation went for nothing. He even raised his fist as if he were going to strike the earl.

The old man looked at him steadily, a sneer, bitter and galling, on his thin lips.

"In my desire to find some extenuation for your conduct, Mr. Berton," he said, slowly and idly, "I accused you of being intoxicated. I fear I cannot grant you even that excuse. You are simply impertinent. Be good enough to leave the room; to-morrow you will leave the house."

He paused a moment to gain his breath, Guildford Berton watching him, glaring at him.

"You call me, I think, a fool. With humility I admit that you have the right to do so. I have been a fool to place confidence in, to bestow my friendship upon, a person who, if he entered my house at all, should have occupied his proper place in it—that of a servant."

"And as a last word permit me, while thanking you for the many services you have rendered me, to say that we—persons of our rank do not give their daughters in marriage to their footman, their butler, or to a—Mr. Guildford Berton."

Guildford Berton uttered a cry, the cry of a wild animal driven beyond endurance and sprang forward, but before he could strike the earl, if such had been his intention, the tall thin figure staggered and fell into his chair.

"Will you—er—ring the bell, my dear Guildford," he stammered and stuttered brokenly, as a strange and curious twitching convulsed his aristocratic face. "I—er—think it is time to dress for dinner."

Then his head fell forward, and he uttered a crowing kind of laugh.

Guildford Berton leant over him, then dashed to the door bell.

In a moment or two the porter and a footman came to the door.

"Quick," said Guildford Berton. "Run for the doctor! The earl has had a paralytic fit."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE HALL porter tore off for a doctor, and Guildford Berton knelt beside the stricken old man with a feeling of devout thankfulness.

He had narrowly escaped committing a second murder!

He was also extremely grateful to the luck which seemed to stand by him through thick and thin.

For the first time in his life he had been hurried by passion into making a great mistake; he had shown his hand too soon, and but for this sudden attack would have had to leave the house, would have been kicked out, so to speak, and been beaten in the game he had played so carefully! But now the old man lay helpless, powerless, smitten doubtless to death, and Guildford Berton was saved from the consequence of his rashness.

We are told that the devil looks after his own and Guildford Berton at that moment believed in the superstition up to the hilt.

In a few moments the room was full of frightened servants, and between them they carried the earl to his room.

"Be quiet!" said Guildford Berton hoarsely, "Lady Norah must not be alarmed on any account," and he made them walk on tip-toe past her bedroom door.

But, quiet as they were, Norah heard them. She had not gone to bed, but had dismissed Harman, and was sitting wrapped in her dressing gown and lost in thought. She was thinking not only of Cyril, but of what Lady Ferndale had said—"your" Guildford Berton.

The pronoun haunted and harassed her. She learned the passing footsteps, and opening her door, saw the still form carried past. For a moment she stood with her hand on her heart, then she sprang forward with a low cry. Guildford Berton held up his hand and turned his white face to her.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, and his voice sounded strained and forced. "He will be all right——"

Norah passed him and threw herself beside the bed on which they had laid the earl, and took his hand.

She could not speak, could not even ask what had happened to him, but knelt, white and silent, and overwhelmed.

Guildford Berton bent over her and in answer to the dumb question in her terrified eyes, said—

"He has had a fit. Pray, pray, don't be frightened. I have sent for the doctor. He

will get better——"

She turned her face from him even at that moment with instinctive repulsion, and clung to the thin, limp hand, and "Papa, papa!" dropped from her white lips.

"Take her away, persuade her to go!" whispered Guildford Berton to Harman huskily; but Norah heard him and shook her head.

"No, no!" she panted. "I will, I must stay! Oh, papa, papa!" and the tears rushed to her eyes and she hid her face upon her arm.

Harman sent the terrified servants out of the room, and kneeling beside Norah, begged her to go, but Norah raised her head and shook it. The outburst of grief over, she was calm and collected again, though she was trembling in every limb; and Guildford Berton left the room and waited outside.

The doctor came and examined the stricken man with the professional leisurely gravity which carries so much weight. They had got the earl in to bed, and he lay apparently unconscious and as like death as life can be.

"Is—is he very ill? What is it?" asked Norah in a dry voice, her eyes fixed on the grave face.

The physician dropped his eyelids in the way a doctor has when he does not mean to tell the whole truth.

"The earl has had a fit, Lady Norah," he said. "Yes, he is very ill; but do not be alarmed. There is always hope, always. Do not distress yourself. Were you with him when ——"

Norah shook her head and glanced at Guildford Berton, who stood white and anxious at the foot of the bed.

The doctor nodded, and after a while motioned to Guildford Berton to follow him out of the room.

They went down to the library.

"It is paralysis?" said Guildford Berton.

The physician nodded.

"You were with the earl when the attack occurred?" he said. "Was there any sudden shock—excitement?"

"None whatever," replied Guildford Berton quietly. "I had come in from the theatre and found him sitting here, in that chair. He was given to sitting up late, reading and writing."

The doctor nodded, and waited.

"We talked about one thing and then another—ordinary topics, and not in any way exciting."

"You are sure of that?" interrupted the doctor.

"Of course. I could repeat almost every word," answered Guildford Berton glibly. "I had said something that made him laugh—but not heartily or excitedly—and a moment after he fell forward."

Strange," said the doctor. "These attacks generally follow upon great excitement or display of passion. There are certain signs which indicate the usual cause, too—hem!"

"Is it a bad attack?" asked Guildford Berton sorrowfully.

"Yes, it is."

"And—and you think he will die?" he asked, his heart beating quickly.

"I don't say that, replied the doctor gravely. "The earl is an old man, his age is against him, but on the other hand he has led a remarkably quiet life, of late, has he not?"

"Yes, I can say that positively," said Guildford Berton. "I may tell you that I am his most intimate friend, and acquainted with his habits. A very quiet life."

"That's in his favor. He may live for some time."

"But he will not recover from this paralysis?" asked Guildford Berton almost quickly.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"It is scarcely probable," he said, and Guildford Berton drew a sigh of relief which the physician might easily have mistaken for one of sympathy and regret.

The doctor wrote a prescription.

"Send for this please," he said. "I will remain here for the present. The young lady is Lady Norah, I presume?"

Guildford Berton inclined his head.

"Hem, yes, the earl's daughter. There is no son, I believe?"

He was a fashionable physician, and had the peerage by heart.

"No, a nephew," replied Guildford Berton, fully understanding the purport of the question.

"Yes, the Viscount Santleigh. I think it would be well to send for him in case of—accidents."

Guildford Berton shook his head sadly.

"That is easier said than done, doctor," he said. "Lord Santleigh's whereabouts are not known."

"Then they should be discovered without loss of time," responded the doctor rather grimly. "Mind, I don't say that there is any immediate danger, but——"

"I understand," said Guildford Berton. "I will do my utmost to find him; but, as you may be aware, the earl and he have not met——"

"I have heard something of it," said the doctor. "But surely there can be little difficulty in finding him? Meanwhile——"

"Please tell me what is to be done," put in Guildford Berton suavely. "I am staying in the house, and will see that your instructions are carried out."

The doctor inclined his head and went upstairs again, and Guildford Berton followed him.

Norah was still kneeling beside the bed, the earl's hand fast clasped in hers, and she looked up eagerly as the doctor entered.

"What is it?" whispered the doctor.

"I—I think he moved!" said Norah almost inaudibly.

Even as she spoke the old man stirred and opened his eyes. They wandered vacantly round the room for a moment, then as they fell upon her face a gleam of something like intelligence came into them, and his lips moved.

Guildford Berton, standing at the foot of the bed, felt a sudden thrill of fear. Was the old man coming to his senses? Would he be able to speak, reveal the truth, and expose him?

The earl looked at her piteously, and then as he caught sight of Guildford Berton's face his eyes seemed to flash and he looked from him to Norah, and his lips moved.

"It is something he wants to tell me," she murmured. "Oh, what is it, what is it? Papa, papa! It is I—Norah! Speak to me."

The doctor did not interfere, and she bent lower until her face was close to the old man's lips.

The piteous, imploring look in her eyes grew more intense, and at last a sound came from his lips.

"Yes, papa!" panted Norah.

With a great effort he gasped—

"Scoundrel! Scoundrel! Don't——"

Then a vacant smile played over his face, and he wandered off, "My daughter, your ladyship! "My daughter! Beautiful! Yes. Her mother——"

Then his eyes closed, and the faced seemed to fall back into death-like rigidity. Guildford Berton almost uttered a cry of thanksgiving.

"He is delirious," he said sorrowfully.

Norah with a moan hid her face, and the doctor laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"You must bear up, Lady Norah," he said gently. "I am not sure that he is quite unconscious, and——"

"Yes, yes, let me stay!" she pleaded piteously. "I will not let him see, I will not distress him. You will let me stay with him?"

"She must stay," he said to Guildford Berton in an undertone, but Norah heard him and murmured her gratitude. "Better send for a nurse, and Lady Norah can remain and assist her."

Guildford Berton went downstairs and despatched a servant to one of the hospitals, then flung himself into the chair from which the earl had fallen, and covering his eyes with his hands thought deeply.

The earl might die, but if he lived it was scarcely probable that he would regain the full use of his senses. In either case he, Guildford Berton, was safe and secure.

But if he died, now would Lady Norah stand? She was to be his wife, and he had a right to inquire, he told himself, and his eyes wandered to the small iron deed box which always accompanied the earl.

It would contain either the will itself or a copy of it. He must see that at any cost.

He sat staring at the door and turning over possibilities in his eager mind until he heard the doctor coming down the stairs, and he rose and met him.

"He is still the same. I don't think I can do any more to-night, Mr. Berton; you can send for me if there should be any change, which I do not anticipate, however. I need scarcely say that perfect quietude and an absence of all disturbing influences, &c. I am sorry that Lord Santleigh is not here," he added as he put on his overcoat.

"He shall be found," said Guildford Berton impressively. "I do hope there is some chance for my old friend!" and he turned away and passed his hand over his eyes.

The doctor looked down.

"There is a chance of his living," he said gravely, "but I fear, I very much fear, that he will never regain the power of speech—that is, intelligent speech. Of course, there is no need to apprise Lady Norah of this mournful fact, yet awhile."

Guildford Berton let him out, and then returning to the library softly locked the door and got down the deed box. It was locked, and the key was in the earl's pocket. He stood for a moment irresolute. A sharp blow with the poker would smash the lock no doubt, but the lawyers might ask disagreeable questions.

He set the box in its place and stole up stairs. The earl's valet was standing outside the door in readiness, in case he should be wanted, and he stood aside to let Guildford Berton pass.

"No, I won't go in just yet, Lafarge," he said softly. "It is not well to have too many in the room. By the way, I think I should remove his lordship's clothes from the room. The sight of them would disturb him. You know his love of neatness."

The man was too bewildered and overcome to feel surprised, but timidly went in on tip-toe and gathered the clothes from the chair on which they had been thrown,

"Give them to me; I will take them to the dressing-room," said Guilford Berton. You had better not leave your post, in case you may be wanted."

"Yes, sir, thank you," said the valet, and Guildford Berton carried the clothes to the dressing-room. The keys were in the coat pocket, and he carried them downstairs into the library. His hand shook as he unlocked the box and turned out the papers, and his heart leapt as he found one amongst them endorsed—

"My last will and testament."

It was on an ordinary sheet of foolscap, and written in the earl's small, neat—not to say finicking—hand, and Guilford Berton made himself comfortable in the easy chair and read it carefully.

His own name, after that of the old servants to whom legacies were bequeathed, occurred first, and the small handwriting jumped upand down before his eyes. Then he laughed with bitter cynicism. The earl had left him only a favorite watch and chain, "as a mark of my esteem and regard."

A watch and chain for all the years o patient service and endurance! Then came the important clause.

"And the remainder of all I possess, or have power to bequeath, I will to my daughter ——"

Strange to say, a blank occurred where the name should have been written.

He puzzled over this singular fact for some minutes, then turned to the date, and hit upon the solution. The earl had made the will soon after Norah's arrival at the Court, and he had not known with any certainty whether she had been christened any other name in addition to Norah.

Doubtless he had intended to ask and fill in the space, but he must have forgotten it—or being to proud to ask her the question, had put it off from day to day, and left the space blank.

Guildford Berton held the will in his hand, thinking almost painfully.

He had no great liking for forgery, but he would not have hesitated to manufacture a new will, leaving everything to himself, if he had thought it politic to do so. But forgery is, in a sense, more risky even than murder, and he shook his head.

Besides, what need to alter the will, seeing that Norah, to whom all was left, would certainly be his wife? For at that moment he felt more assured of his ultimate success than he had ever done. Fate had stood by him with a persistance almost miraculous, and his luck would remain with him to the end.

He put the will back, and the deed box in its place, and leaning back gave himself up to the luxury of anticipation.

If he could only have the title, as well as Norah and the earl's money! Or the Court! But they must both go to the wandering vagabond of a nephew—the Viscount Santleigh, who was no one knew where!

"Perhaps he might be persuaded to sell his birthright even, if he could be found and the knowledge of the earl's illness could be kept from him," he thought; and at the mere thought that he, Guildford Berton, might some day reign and rule in the great house at which his father was steward, his blood grew warm and his heart beat pleasantly.

At any rate, Norah—his future wife—would be one of the wealthiest women in England. The earl could not make another will, and he, Guildford Berton, would take care the existing one should not be destroyed.

Altogether, he spent a pleasant hour or two, while Norah upstairs sat holding the unconscious hand of the stricken earl.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There is no easy path leading out of life, and few are the easy ones that lie within it.

IRON CAGES.

A GOOD deal of doubt attaches to the statement of Justin that Alexander the Great in a fit of anger against the philosopher Callisthenes, ordered him to be deprived of his ears, nose, and lips, and, in this frightfully-mutilated condition, shut him up in an iron cage with a dog—which was intended as a special mark of contumely—but it is known that imprisonment in a cage of iron was an occasional form of punishment among the ancients. One regrets that its cruelly-ingenious inventor's name has not descended to posterity, to be loaded with the contempt and loathing it deserves. An idea so terribly inhuman can have emanated only from a mind accustomed to the sight of suffering, and delighting with a fiendish pleasure in its infliction.

According to Seneca, whose authority is unimpeachable, Lysimachus mutilated Telesphorus of Rhodes, and then, for a long time, immured him in a cage, "like some new and extraordinary animal;" and, indeed, with his head gashed and scarred, and his shapeless body, he retained scarcely a vestige of manhood. Add to this the torments of hunger and the hideous filthiness through which he dragged himself to and fro on his aching knees—what a ghastly spectacle! It was so repulsive as to forbid pity. Yet, if he who underwent these tortures had no likeness to humanity, still less had he who imposed them.

In modern history, the earliest allusion we can find to this punishment belongs to the twelfth century, when Sangjar, sixth and last of the Seljukian Sultans of Persia, having been taken prisoner by the Turks, was thrown into an iron cage (1152.) This is the hero who, for his valor, was styled the second Alexander, and whom his subjects so warmly loved that they prayed for him a year after his decease. He was a liberal patron of Persian poetry, and, after a reign of nearly fifty years, deserved a better fate.

From the East, the iron cage found its way into Italy, and speedily found patrons. It was exactly the kind of punishment that suited the revengeful temper and lust of torture of the Italian Princes. Thus, Entius, natural son of Frederick the Second, who was made King of Sardinia in 1258, having soon afterwards been defeated and taken prisoner by the Guelfs at Fossalta, was conveyed to Bologna, and there exposed in an iron cage.

To this day the great iron cages used for prisoners in mediæval Italy, may be seen in the tower della Gabia, at Milan; in the citadel of Piacenza; and elsewhere.

After the victorious invasion of Scotland, by Edward the First, in 1306, three brothers of Robert Bruce and several of the Scottish nobles perished on the scaffold.

The conqueror did not spare even women in his mighty rage, and two of them—the Countesses of Buchan—mother and daughter—were immured in cages of timber and exposed to the ridicule of the populace.

It was long one of the commonplaces of moralists that the great Turkish Sultan, Bajazet the First, whose magnificence had been the astonishment of European travelers, fell from his pride and pomp of palace as a punishment for his arrogance, and, a prisoner in the hands of Timour, or Tamerlane, was exhibited in an iron cage. Gibbon, after summing up the authorities for this statement, accepts it with some qualification.

For Louis the Eleventh of France the iron cage had a great attraction, and he seems to have equipped with it nearly every one of his state prisons. When the Duc de Nemours, previous to his trial, was transferred to the Bastile, he was put in a cage of iron; and the King, learning that some indulgence had been shown to so illustrious prisoner, wrote in the most uncompromising terms the Sire de Saint-Pierre, one of the commissaries appointed to try the unfortunate Prince. He was not pleased, he said, to find that the fetters had been removed from the Duke's limbs; that he had been allowed to leave his cage; and that he had attended mass when women were present. And he charged him to take care that the Prince never left his cage, except to be put to the question—that is, to be tortured—and that this should take place in his own apartment. Other important personages, in the reign of Louis also made acquaintance with these iron cages of his. According to an eminent French antiquary, each cage was about nine feet long, eight feet broad, and seven feet high, and consisted of a ponderous framework of timber, strengthened by solid iron clasps, and fenced in with stout iron bars, weighing altogether a couple of hundred pounds, and costing about three hundred and sixty-seven livres, at the then value of money.

LET US GO HENCE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

And now my songs, my songs and I
In mists of silence let us die,
Let us depart, nor e'er again,
Be found, oh, songs, the ways of men!
There's none will weep for thee and me,
Let us go hence, songs, and be free!

And now, my dreams, my dreams and I,
'Neath graveyard myrtle let us lie,
Let us depart, nor e'er again
Be found, oh, dreams, the ways of men!
There's none will care when all is said,
Let us go hence, dreams, and be dead!

And now, my hopes, my hopes and I,
Let us be lost in sob and sigh,
Let us depart, nor e'er again
Be found, oh hopes, the ways of men!
There's none will sorrow for our woe,
Let us go hence, hopes and lie low!

The Sculptor's Wife.

BY J. SUSANNA.

AH, THEO, they are splendid! They will bring you fame—they must!"

"And fortune also, I hope, little sweetheart. See—our store is getting terribly low!"—and Theo threw back his handsome head, and laughed a gay laugh, as he pointed to five sovereigns lying on a small table beside him.

Theo's wife laughed too, her clear girlish voice echoing through the lofty studio. They both felt light of heart that evening, for the work of many weary months was finished at last, and finished in time too.

They stood side by side before the artist's completed work, Theo with one arm clasping the slight figure that leaned lovingly against him, the other hand toying with his fair silky beard, a satisfied smile on his lips. He was content; his critical eyes could see no blemish in the two figures before him. The one was a life-size model of Miriam.

Joy and triumph were expressed in every curve of the exquisitely-poised figure, while the eyes were upraised, and the life-like lips just parted, as though giving vent to a song of victory.

The other was a model in miniature—a portrait of a great living poet, half sitting, half lying in a picturesque attitude on a rustic bench, with books and papers scattered at his feet. The "Miriam" was for the Royal Academy, the small model for a competition that had been some time before invited by a public committee.

"We must have a little festival this evening to celebrate the completion of your work, must we not, Theo?"—and the young wife raised her blue eyes to her husband's face entreatingly.

He glanced at the five sovereigns, but did not answer her.

"You have worked so hard, and been so dull," she added.

"And you dear heart, have been so patient and brave!" he exclaimed. "Yes, Agda, we will have a festival. I will take you to see Kenneth in King Lear."

"Oh, Theo, how enchanting!" cried Agda. "But will it not cost too much?"

"No," he replied; "we will go to the pit, and ride third class. It will not cost much more than a little feast, and will last much longer. Run and dress, dear, and we will start directly."

Agda had not far to run. The large and lofty studio was divided into three compartments by wooden partitions panelled and stained to represent old oak.

The centre compartment was Theodore Bernstein's work-room and Agda's boudoir in one; on one side was their bed-room, on the other the neat little kitchen where, with the help of a patent cooking stove, Agda's clever fingers prepared their simple meals.

Every morning a brisk old dame came in for an hour or two, and saved Agda's white hand from the coarser work of cleaning and washing up. Here the young couple had lived happily and contentedly since they had left Copenhagen, six months before, and come to London, that Theodore might make his fortune amongst the wealthy English people.

The young artist's whole heart was in his work. Early and late he toiled, looking forward to the day when his work should find a place in the Academy and his fortune be made.

He had faith in himself and his art, and felt that if he could only get some of his work fairly before the English public, the rest would follow.

Agda shared his faith, and day by day went singing cheerily about her household matters, or sat in the great window of the studio, sometimes sewing briskly, sometimes letting her work fall on her lap, while she watched the life-like form of Miriam growing under her husband's magic touch.

The future held no fears for her—Theo would soon climb up the ladder of fame; and they had already planned where they would live and how they would furnish their house.

She was but eighteen, sweet, fair, and childish-looking; and, as they journeyed to the theatre, many eyes in the third-class carriage turned to look a second time at the daintily tinted face and the rings of bright hair peeping from under the fur hat, and at her handsome companion, with his fair silky beard and broad felt hat.

During the previous summer Theo had returned to Copenhagen, after six months' wanderings among the famous galleries of Europe, with his mind made up to go to London and work.

He had asked Agda if she had the courage to go with him and share his lot in the struggle for success; and she did not hesitate. She laid her soft little hand in his; and six weeks later found her setting to work courageously to make the great bare studio look more home like.

The long winter months had passed, the models were now finished, the goal seemed almost in sight, the bright sunny land that lay beyond that goal was very near, and their young hearts beat high with happiness.

That evening was like a dream to Agda; she had never before seen Kenneth, the popular tragic actor whom every one was talking about.

"Theo, isn't it splendid?" she whispered at the end of the first act, her eyes shining with enthusiasm. "He stirs one's very soul."

"It is wonderful!" replied Theo, who felt the great actor's power, and spoke in a subdued tone.

"What a noble face he has," said Agda—"hardly handsome, but full of gentleness and dignity! He looks as if he had known too," she added thoughtfully.

"I have heard that he had a very hard life before he won his laurels," said Theo. "He was hissed off the stage once; but he would not be daunted, and bore poverty and hard work unflinchingly until he won his reward; and now he is at the very top of the ladder, and very faithful to old friends, and generous in helping actors and actresses who are still struggling."

"Ah, I thought his face looked good and noble!" observed Agda. "But see—the curtain is rising again!"—and she became once more absorbed in the play.

The return home that night was quieter than the journey to the theatre had been—not because Theo and Agda were less happy and light of heart, but because both had been touched by Kenneth's acting. Agda was subdued and lost in thought, only now and again making some comment to her husband which showed that her mind was full of play and the players.

"Hargreaves says he will take my statue to the Academy for nothing, Agda; that will be a great saving of expense—won't it?" exclaimed Theo, coming quickly into the studio a couple of days later. "He will fetch it this afternoon."

"Oh, how good of him!" cried Agda gleefully. "I am very glad, Theo; but," she added, suddenly looking grave, "does he understand moving statues? They are more delicate than fenders and coal-scuttles, you know!"

"Yes, I know, sweetheart," he replied, pinching her dainty little ear very softly; "but he says he often moves statues and ornaments for people, and he will pack it well with straw. I am going to do a head of that little girl of his whom he is so fond of for five pounds; it will be a little help while we are waiting."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Agda; "and Mr. Kleine owes you five pounds, Theo—that will make us quite comfortable until the Academy opens and we hear about the competition."

She spoke quite simply and without a trace of doubt in her tone. She felt certain that the opening of the Academy would bring them fortune and ease. If they could keep afloat until then, all would be well and the future secure.

On the following evening Agda was sitting alone by the studio fire waiting for her husband to come in to supper. It was nearly seven o'clock, and he had been away since their early dinner-time.

She would not light the gas until he came—for they burned a great deal of gas when Theo was at work, and, when he was out, Agda always tried to do without it.

A sauce pan of soup that sent forth a very appetising odor simmered on the hob, and an egg-salad stood on the little round table under the gas-bracket.

The flickering firelight cast grotesque shadows into the corners of the studio, but Agda did not see them. The young wife had had a busy day; and now she sat with her little hands lying in her lap, and a pleased smile playing round the corners of her mouth, as pictured the bright future that was in store for them.

Perhaps even now Theo was detained by some good fortune. She raised her head and listened. Yes, that was his footstep; but it did not sound very eager. He must be tired.

As Agda lighted the gas, the door opened, and he entered.

"Theo," she exclaimed, as the light fell upon his face, "what is the matter, dear heart? Have you been hurt? You are as white as death!"

"Nay, love," he said, in a tired hopeless tone, "I am not hurt; but my statue, Agda—my 'Miriam'——"

"Yes," she whispered, gazing at him anxiously.

"It is broken!"

For two or three minutes dead silence reigned in the studio, while Agda gazed at her husband as if paralyzed and the color slowly forsook her cheeks. Then in a terrified whisper, she echoed the one word—

"Broken!"

Theo Bernstein sank wearily into a chair, and, laying his arms upon the table, bowed his head upon them. His hopeless attitude roused Agda; she went quickly to him and raised his head and laid it upon her shoulder, placing one arm round his neck as she did so.

"Tell me, Theo—tell me, dear love, how it happened! Was it Hargreaves? Is it much broken? Can it not be mended?"

His wife's questions roused him; his face lost some of its hopeless apathetic look. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her sweet lips.

"You must not stand like that, sweetheart; sit close beside me here, and I will tell you. It was broken on the journey. I was a fool to let Hargreaves take it. To save a few shillings I have lost!"—ah, I do not know, I dare not think what I have lost!"—and Theo in his pain grasped Agda's fingers with a force that nearly made her cry out; but she only said gently—

"Is it completely spoilt?"

"I have not seen it yet," he answered. "I met Hargreaves this afternoon, who told me, and, half mad, I went direct to the President. He was very sorry for me, and said he would look at it. Oh, Agda, all these long months of toil wasted—lost, utterly lost!"

But Agda would not take so hopeless a view of the matter; she declared that he must go down early the next morning and see the statue, and find out what could be done.

She coaxed him to eat his supper, and talked so hopefully that before they went to bed Theo was almost his bright self again.

The morning post brought him a letter from the President, saying that his broken work showed much promise, and inviting him to go down and see if the mischief could be repaired.

He set off quite hopefully, but returned at nightfall dejected and weary. For three days he tried to restore the unfortunate statue to its original beauty, and then he gave up the attempt in despair.

Even Agda could not cheer him on the last evening; her own heart was heavy. But there was the competition—he might be successful in that; and she tried to rouse his interest in the matter.

But the weary days passed, no news came to cheer their long monotony, no commissions arrived, and the sovereigns melted one by one, and neither Theo nor Agda knew where to look for more when the last should be spent.

Agda's light step grew slow, her bright face clouded, whilst Theo tramped hither and thither to his few friends, seeking work.

The days lengthened; spring flowers were in the garden; the sun began to gain strength; and Theo tried to hide from Agda the fact that he had only one sovereign left in his pocket.

But she knew it, and manufactured breakfasts and dinners out of such scanty materials as surprised even her husband. At last, one sunny morning in the middle of May, there was nothing but hominy and some milk upon the breakfast-table.

"It is getting so hot to have tea or coffee," said Agda timidly; "this is cool and wholesome."

"It is very good indeed—nothing better," replied Theo, with rather exaggerated cheerfulness.

Mechanically he took up the morning paper which lay on the table, but put it down again listlessly without opening it. There was never anything in it to interest him—it only pained him to see the long notices of the Royal Academy exhibition.

They ate their hominy in silence. Then Agda, seeing some subject not too near their hearts to talk about, took up the newspaper and began to scan its columns. Presently she started up with a cry, and, waving the paper above her head, exclaimed—

"Theo, dear love, it has come—you have gained it!"—and, quickly spreading out the paper before her husband, she pointed with trembling fingers to a paragraph, leaning over him as he read, with laughter on her lips and tears running down her cheeks.

Yes, it was true—his model of the great poet had been selected. This would bring him not only money, but fame; and one more the future lay fair and bright before them.

Theo went forth with a light heart to get the good news confirmed and to bespeak a block of marble for his statue, for he was anxious to set to work immediately.

Once again the music of Agda's fresh young voice echoed in the studio, as she went merrily about her household tasks. She threw open the windows and let the glad May sunshine pour in upon her, and even danced a few steps to the music of a barrel-organ outside. They were both so young, so full of health—hope was always ready to spring afresh in their hearts.

Theo did not come in to dinner; the afternoon hours passed slowly, and still he did not return. Agda's bright spirits began to flag a little, and she wondered what could be keeping him so long.

Surely no new trouble was coming upon them! It was nearly nine o'clock, and she was growing nervous and faint at heart with suspense, when at last she heard her husband's footsteps outside, and ran to open the door for him, all the long hours of waiting forgotten in a moment.

One glance at his face told her there was trouble again.

"Oh, Theo," she said, putting her arms about him, "then it was not true after all! What a cruel paper!"

"Yes, dear love," he answered, "it was quite true. The committee have selected my model; but they might as well request Hargreaves to do the work."

"Why, Theo?" "Because I cannot get the marble, dear."

Agda stood mute before him; this was indeed a difficulty neither of them had foreseen.

"I have scarcely sat down since I left here this morning, Agda, and have tried one place after another. There is a lovely block at Bremster's, just the very thing for the work, but he won't take a penny less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds for it. It is certainly a splendid piece, and, as he says, any one of the half-dozen sculptors who are his regular customers will be glad to give it. That is all I have towards the purchase of it!"

Theo laid a sovereign and some loose silver upon the table with a smile that almost made Agda cry. She was determined however not to give way. What comfort, she asked herself, was a wife who cried when her husband most needed help and encouragement?

"Have you been to Kleine, Theo?"

"I have been to every creature I can think of, little one. I dare say Bremster would take half the money down, but I cannot borrow even a quarter of it. If I were a rich man, he would doubtless let me have it on credit; as I am a poor one, he is afraid."

"Would not the committe advance some of the money you are to have for the statue?" asked Agda.

"I thought of that," said Theo; "but Kleine does not thing it would do to ask such a favor. I saw a list of the committee, but there is not one amongst them whom I know."

Agda was silent; she could think of nothing else to suggest. Presently she persuaded him to take some supper, after which he rose and went into the bed-room. She cleared away the supper-things, brightened up the small fire, and stood before it, absorbed in thought, waiting for Theo to come and smoke his cigarette; but he did not come, and in a few minutes she peeped into the bed-room and saw that he had thrown himself upon the bed, dressed as he was, and fallen into the heavy sleep of mental and physical exhaustion.

"My poor love," she murmured, "it is very hard! If I could only help you! But, alas, I know no one to ask!" She paused, and a strange expression came suddenly over her fair childish face. For nearly five minutes she stood perfectly still, thinking deeply. Then, raising her head quickly, she said to herself—

"I will try; I can but fail. Oh, courage! courage! They say he is good, and has known poverty."

She stepped gently into the bed-room,

took down her hat and mantle, and glided out again. With a trembling hand she wrote upon a piece of paper, "I shall be back soon; do not be anxious," and laid it on the little table under the gas, which she turned down low. Then, putting on her hat and mantle, and taking the latch-key with her, she opened the door and went out quickly into the night.

It was past ten o'clock, and Agda had never been out alone farther than to the few neighboring shops where her modest daily purchases were made.

She was terrified by the great dark lonely streets, and still more terrified when she came to the busy noisy ones; but she thought of her tired husband, of the future that might even yet be theirs, and she went on hopefully.

She remembered the way he had taken her when they went to see King Lear, and she took the same turnings. Like one in a dream she paid for her ticket, entered the train, and at last, a little before eleven, found herself in front of the theatre.

The play was just over, and the people were flocking out from stalls and boxes, pit and gallery.

Carriages were hurrying up, voices were shouting for cabs; Agda was bewildered, and knew not which way to turn. She saw a policeman standing by a lamp-post, and went up to him timidly.

"Which way do the actors come out, please?"

"Stage-door, miss," he answered, smiling down at her good-humoredly—"up that little street."

Agda ran gladly up the dark quiet side-street, away from the crowd, and stopped opposite to a door from which several persons had just come out.

Was she too late? Did he come by this door? Oh, what would Theo say if he could see her now? How would she ever dare to tell him? Her heart beat violently, her hands grew cold and numb with nervousness, as she stood there watching the dark little door.

At last it opened, and two figures came out. Agda near cried as she recognised Kenneth's tall figure and finely-cut face in the faint gaslight.

"Alas, he is not alone!" she moaned.

The two men walked on, and Agda followed doubtfully, wondering what she should do. At the top of the street they stopped, shook hands, and separated, Kenneth turning slowly towards Agda, his companion walking off briskly in the opposite direction.

Agda glided up to him swiftly, and touched his arm timidly. The actor turned his dark thoughtful eyes on the sweet girlish face, and gently but decidedly shook her hand from his arm.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Agda desperately, stepping before him as he was passing on, "listen one moment, for my husband's sake! You have known what it is to fight the hard battle of life—listen!"

In hurried incoherent words she poured out her sorrow and her trouble; she was so afraid he would pass on and not heed her—take her for she knew not what! But he did not.

After the first few words he stood still and listened attentively, now and again putting one or two brief questions to the agitated young wife. She gained ocurage and grew eloquent, her pretty broken English adding a touching charm to her pleading.

"Take me to see your husband," said Kenneth at last.

Silently, but with a heart full of deep thankfulness, Agda turned and led the way towards the still busy street again.

"Where do you live?" asked Kenneth, as they reached the crowded thoroughfare. She told him, and he called a cab, put her inside, and took his seat beside her.

When they arrived at the studio, the door stood wide open, and a flood of light streamed from it. Theo was standing in the open doorway.

"Agda," he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms as she hurried towards him, "my child, where have you been?"

"Hush, Theo! See I have found a friend who may perhaps be able to help us through our great difficulty!"

And, glancing up, the astonished Theo saw the tall form of the most popular actor of the day standing behind his little trembling wife.

* * * * * *

The next day the great block of marble arrived at the studio, and for many days after that Theo's busy chisel kept up a constant running accompaniment to the happy snatches of song that Agda sang as she passed to and fro in the studio.

In less than two years from that memorable night when she stood alone and terrified in the little side-street watching the stage door of the theatre, Agda's happy visions were realised.

The statue of the poet was finished, unveiled, and universally admired; a life size model of the great actor in one of his most popular characters had been accepted at the Royal Academy and been purchased by a wealty admirer; the little house was taken and furnished, a charming little nursery was fitted up, and Agda was overflowing with pride in the success of her husband and the beauty of her baby-boy.

"Ah, Agda, where should we have been to-day without this great friend?" said Theo, one evening, as he placed a small bust of Kenneth upon a bracket in their drawing room.

"Where indeed?" echoed Agda. "We are firmly planted on the ladder now, I hope, Theo; but we must never forget to help those who are below us, must we?"

"Heaven forbid we ever should, dear wife!"

TRADE MARKS.

IT WAS SAID by a great admirer of Calcraft, the hangman, that you might drink with him a whole evening without discovering his profession. No doubt it was very judicious on his part to avoid "shop," but one may perhaps be pardoned for believing that even he occasionally let slip a word or phrase which gave his hearers as clear a notion of his unpopular calling as if he had told them in as many words that he was the common hangman.

If he did not, then, beyond all doubt, he must have been a man of an original cast of mind, for even the most circumspect, when in familiar conversation, use technical expressions which afford an accurate index of their trade or profession.

There could be no doubt, for example, as to the trade of the man who replied to the question, "How do you like So & So's last novel?" by observing that it was too stiffly punctuated for him.

In like manner, the nonuse of a technical term in reply to cautious inquiries will often betray an impostor. A famous detective, suspecting that a man was not what he professed to be—a railyway servant—suddenly asked him the time.

"Just seventeen past one," was the prompt reply.

"That will do," said the detective; "if you were a railway man you would have said, 'One-seventeen.'"

It is not less true that the manner of conversation bespeaks the man. "A mathematician," says Addison, "will take little less than demonstration in the most common discourse.

Physicians and divines often dictate in private conversation with the same authority which they exercise over their patients and disciples, while the lawyer is putting cases and raising matter for disputation out of everything that occurs.

The habit of thought, too, begets a corresponding outward manner, just as the absence of thought causes an unmistakable expression on the countenance; and as, moreover, many a man who works at a particular trade is in some degree deformed, it follows that all of us carry about with us our trade marks—the stamp of that which is our life's occupation.

If, therefore, our conversation does not betray us, there are infallible signs by which our callings can be made known to any attentive observer. This is a truth upon which all the great essayists have dwelt. To them, indeed, must be given the credit of having first drawn attention to the subject of personal trade marks, as for instance, the face.

But important as the face may be in betraying a man's calling, it has to give precedence to the hands, than which no part of the body is more eloquent, so far as trade is concerned, and in which we can hardly ever be mistaken.

Dyeing and scores of other employments of a like nature leave a trade mark upon them that is glaringly apparent; but without going to this aspect of the subject, let us glance at a few of the more subtle characteristics.

Dressmakers, and indeed needlewomen generally, then, may be told by the marks caused by constant sewing. A compositor is invariably distinguished by the dirtiness and roughness of the thumb of the left hand, and the thumb and first two fingers of the right; while—to take one other example—a diamond polisher, as Eugene Sue points out in one of his works, might be singled out from a great crowd, there is so marked a difference between his hands, the left being delicate and attenuated, and the right strong and massive.

Such, then, are a few of men's trade marks. The list of those with which all of us are tolerably familiar might be considerably extended, while to give those known to only a select few were an endless task. Of the latter class Charles Reade gives an excellent illustration in "The Cloister and the Hearth."

When seated at a table in one of the monasteries Gerard "took the cup, and, bowing low, quaffed and circulated it." Instantly, to his great surprise, the whole table hailed him as a brother.

"Art convent bred? Deny it not!"

He acknowledged it.

"But 'tis passing strange how you could know," said he.

"You drank with the cup in both hands," said the monks, speaking together.

In like manner members of special professions or callings might easily recognize a brother.

Then, again, there are many trade marks which are not easily defined. We think, for example, that we know an actor by the "look of him," and generally we are right in our surmise.

But what is his trade or professional mark? He has none; there is no deformity peculiar to his class. We estimate him by his walk, his look, his dress—in short, by his general appearance. It is, in Steele's phase, the air "diffusing itself over the whole man" which causes us to put him down as an acter: and of the members of some other professions—such, for instance as the clerical—we judge in the same way. We are sometimes mistaken—and when we do make a mistake it rarely falls short of being ludicrous—but observation and experience, if properly applied, are rarely at fault. "The great Prince of Conde," D'Israeli tells us, "was very expert in a sort of physiognomy which showed the peculiar habits, motions, and postures of familiar life and mechanical employments. He would sometimes lay wagers with his friends that he would guess, upon the Pont Neuf, what trade persons were of that passed by, from their walk and air.

It is said of Dickens that sometimes when he sat listening to a speaker in public the first finger of his dexter hand would move just as though he were taking a note of every word that was uttered.

Probably he was unconscious of these movements on his part, but be this as it may, he himself once publicly confessed that on such an occasion nearly each word that fell from a speaker's lips brought the corresponding shorthand sign for that word "into his head."

Here was a touch of the shop many years after he had left his original profession; and if we turn to the biographies of our great men we shall find that most of those not born in affluence retained through life at least one conclusive sign of their early training—a sort of trade mark of their less prosperous days.

Take Scott, for example. "There are some little technical tricks," says Lockhart, "such as no gentleman, who has not been subject to a similar regimen, can ever fall into, which he practised invariably while composing his poetry, which appears not unfrequently on the MSS. of his best novels, and which now and then dropped instinctively from his pen, even in the private letters and diaries of his closing years. I allude particularly to a sort of flourish at the bottom of the page, originally, I presume, adopted in engrossing as a safeguard against the intrusion of a forged line between the legitimate text and the attesting signature.

He was quite sensible that this ornament might as well be dispensed with, and his family often heard him mutter, after involuntarily performing it, 'There goes the old shop again!'" The MSS. alone of Dickens and Jerroid are quite sufficient to convince a newspaper man that he one was originally a reporter and the other a compositor, since they are full of those little "technical tricks" to which Lockhart refers, and which, as the "man of iron self control" says of Scott's flourish, "speak to months after months of humble toil as distinctly as the illegible scrawl of Lord Byron did to his self mastership from the hour that he left Harrow."

If, then, we do not agree entirely with Johnson, who said that "there is no man who works at any particular trade but you may know him from his appearance to do so," we must at least admit that the trades or professions which do not greatly influence the manner, figure, or habits of those who follow them are few in number and comparatively trifling in importance, and that, once contracted, that manner or those habits are very difficult to shake off.

"This seems like a sweet dream," Le rapturously remarked as he lingered with her on the doorstep. "It doesn't seem like a dream to me," she replied, "for a dream soon vanishes, you know." He vanished.

Scientific and Useful.

SEALING WAX.—Sealing wax, or a mixture of asphalt and gutta-percha melted and thoroughly incorporated with each other, will mend hard rubber.

PAPIER-MACHE.—Papier-mache articles should be cleaned with soap and warm water, and finally polished with a little sweet-oil in which half the quantity of bee's-wax has been melted.

FOLDING FURNITURE.—Furniture which folds up for transport, and passage through doors, is one of the latest novelties. A table which is made on this plan is in two parts, the top and legs. The top is made in two leaves that are hinged together in such a way as to fold. The furniture is partly of wood and partly of iron.

METAL FURNITURE.—There is a great demand for metal furniture in Australia, not only for household use, but in places of business, etc. The demand is caused by the ravages of the white ant, which eats all kinds of wood, boring the doors and rafters of buildings until they are honeycombed, as well as all manner of wooden furniture.

A WOOD-WOOL MACHINE.—Wool made from wood is now much used for packing purposes by glass-makers, cutlers, and confectioners. It is clean and dry, besides having a good spring or resilience. The machine is designed to make this wool from waste wood, and is intended for a private use. It requires very little attention, and all the parts can be renewed.

PICTURES BY TELEGRAPH.—A method of transmitting drawings by telegraph has been devised. The drawing is crossed with equidistant lines forming squares, by means of which any point in the sketch can be localized. The squares are lettered and numbered, and the proper letters and numbers are telegraphed for every important point in the delineation. When the points are all plotted on a corresponding sheet, the outlines are filled in, and the picture is shaded according to the directions verbally telegraphed. In time of war, or as a means of detecting criminals, this device might prove of service.

Farm and Garden.

CHICKENS.—Every two weeks take a brush and can and thoroughly paint the roosts with kerosene. About once in two months during the warm season give the interior of the hen-house a good white washing.

HEDGES.—There is nothing more ornamental to the front yard than an evergreen hedge if it is kept neatly trimmed, but there is, on the contrary, nothing more unsightly if the hedge is neglected. All hedges should be kept in shape and well cut back.

VINES.—Does it suprise you to be told that vines about a house do not make a building damp, but on the contrary, their myriads of tendrils and root like shoots absorb every particle of moisture and miasma, rendering the surface of the building dry and purified.

TREES.—If the tree tends to too great a growth of wood, and refuses to bear when in good ground, cut a trench around so as to cut off the gourmand roots about two thirds the distance that the branches extend. Cut the roots with a sharp instrument. Fill up the trench with surface soil in which is sprinkled the above mixture. This should be done in the autumn.

PASTURE.—Good cattle and poor pastures will not prove profitable. The capacity of an animal should be utilized to its fullest extent, and to fail to provide it with everything required to secure the greatest possible production from the animal is to throw away the principal advantage in its ownership. Good stock will not thrive or prove profitable except under the most favorable conditions, chief among which is a full supply of food adapted to the purpose required of the animal.

THE LAWN.—Although seedsmen prepare mixtures of lawn grass, it is impossible for them to anticipate the kind of soil upon which the seed will be sown or its treatment. As soils differ, so must the varieties of grasses differ according to the soils, and for that reason nearly all attempts to secure a lawn are but experimental, resulting in success or failures according to circumstances, while the presence of trees on the plot have great influence, as some trees appropriate all the plant-food of the soil and prevent the grass from growing.

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THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116 000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150 000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this sign.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x 28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it un." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These two splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

Positive and Negative.

It would, perhaps, surprise us to know how large a proportion of our efforts to improve ourselves and others consists in urging negative duty. From the "mustn't touch," that represents the infant's eager curiosity, to the laws of the country, which forbid murder, theft, fraud and a host of evil actions, the word "not" conveys the prominent idea.

This is, perhaps, natural, but is certainly not philosophical. What is troublesome or injurious excites our notice, and the necessity of banishing, or at least subduing it, seems the most important thing; so we at once proceed to urge the repressive policy upon all evil doers.

At first sight this seems the right and only thing to do. Certainly society needs that its members abstain from injuring one another; that they break up bad habits, restrain their passions and control their desires.

Why not then enjoin it by every means in our power? Why not bring all the force of authority or persuasion to bear directly upon the suppression of evil? Simply because human nature is too active and eager to be bid by negations. It craves positive food for its desires, employment for its activities, opportunity for its development, means for its recreation. It is largely owing to the lack of these that the evil we so much deplore creeps in.

If what is good, true, pure and sweet is absent, then opposites will surely enter. To bar the door against the latter is less effectual than to open it wide to the former.

Take the child, for example; he is in a world full of wonders; everything is new, and strange and untried; he has capabilities that call loudly for exercise; his eyes and ears are open to every sight and sound; his feet and hands ache to be busy; he longs to make experiments and try his various powers on the multitude of objects before him.

This is nature's method of teaching him, and she is so good an instructress that her lessons are his chief delight.

But he meets with continual checks and rebuffs in his unconscious studies. The words "don't" and "you mustn't" are forever thwarting his desires and irritating his temper.

True it seems difficult to prevent it, especially in city houses, filled with delicate and costly articles, and of course there are times when such words must be spoken firmly and obeyed promptly. But they ought to be exceptional, not familiar sounds, and would be so were the real needs of the child's nature appreciated and supplied.

What the young man needs is to be taught how to regulate and employ his youthful enthusiasm; how to wisely regulate his appetites, to use his activities, to adapt every power to the purpose for which it was designed.

Not so much what he is not to do, as to what he is to do, should form the basis of our teaching.

If his life can be filled with earnest employment and innocent pleasures, if his mind can be fortified by noble principles, if his heart can be filled with love and hope, and his better impulses be developed, far more will be accomplished to prevent the evils we so much dread than any amount of negative advice.

When bad habits are firmly rooted it seems almost impossible to eradicate them. Even when the poor sinner himself is convinced of his fault and anxious to rid himself of it, his will is not strong enough for the purpose.

Good is the best weapon against evil, and the more freely we use it, the more successful will be our attacks.

Whatever a man thinks has some truth in it, and where it is only wrong because something has been omitted, it is the province of experience to supply. Evil is that partial aspect of some good. "There is a silver lining in every cloud." In all things there is an element of the Divine.

THERE are many who heartily embrace the truth in certain directions and cleave to it joyfully whatever it cost, while to other portions of it they are cold and indifferent. There are men who gladly devote their lives to searching for and promulgating the truths of some technical science, yet are careless about the truth which underlie government of the principles on which character is formed. There are those who seem to be the soul of honor in every private capacity who are yet unfaithful to the truths which should guide their public relations, and others who are loyal to truth everywhere except in their homes. But whoever is imbued with the spirit of truthfulness springs to receive it, to learn from it, to practice it, and to diffuse it from whatever quarter it may come and whatever be the lessons which it brings.

MANY persons complain that their powers are so small, their education is so limited, their means are so circumscribed, they cannot hope to be of any use in the world. Let such take courage. No one is so powerless that he cannot in some way strengthen the hands of another; no one is so dull that he cannot help another to shine; no one's life is so small that he cannot make some other life greater. And in those other lives which the humble and earnest man has aided to build up he will find his own life grow richer and fuller. Everything done for others, with the desire of doing good to them and to the world, will react upon the doer, bringing to him its own satisfaction and the reward of a good conscience.

MAN'S highest merit always is as much as possible to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect; he deserves not the name of an architect except when out of this fortuitous mass he can combine with the greatest economy and fitness and durability some form, the patterns of which originated in his spirit. All things without us are mere elements, but deep within us lies the creative force which out of these can produce what they were meant to be, and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest till in one way or another it has been produced.

THERE must be some bond of sympathy, some mutual interest, something in each that awakens a responsive chord in the other, in order that any two persons shall take pleasure in each other's society. And where no pleasure is taken a union brought about by artificial or compulsory means will soon dissolve by common consent. Those who differ radically in their ideas may, if generous, meet and discuss them with delight; but their divergence begins from some point of union; whereas those who have no such point, or who fail to find it if they have, cannot be expected to enter into close companionship.

THOU thinkest thou art more miserable than the rest, other men are happy in respect of thee, their miseries are but fleabitings to thine, thou alone art unhappy, none so bad as thyself. Yet, if, as Socrates said, all the men in the world should come and bring their grievances together, of body, mine, fortune, sores, ulcers, madness, epilepsies, agues, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment, and lay them on a heap to be equally divided, wouldst thou share alike and take thy portion, or be as thou art? Without question thou wouldst be as thou art.

EMERSON says: "The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel." If we ourselves are true and noble, simple and sincere, we need not fear that our efforts to elevate and to purify others will ever prove a failure.

ONE of the best means of saving power is to rest just before getting tired. A human being may work up to the point of fatigue without injury; but the moment exhaustion supervenes, that moment a debilitated state sets in which cannot be recovered from readily.

NOTHING dies—not even life, which gives up one form only to receive another. No good action, no good example, no generous endeavor, dies; it lives for ever in our race.

ONE gains courage by showing himself poor; in that manner one robs poverty of its sharpest sting.

The World's Happenings.

Carroll county, Fla., boasts of a duck with four feet.

A "Wild East" show, in which 80 Arabs take part, is on exhibition in London.

Quill toothpicks, as a rule, are imported from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris.

A child of three, named Emery, has just made the journey from Michigan to Thomaston, Me., unattended.

Italian brigands have captured a rich merchant named Arigo, near Palermo, and demand $80,000 for his release.

A white lobster was caught by a fisherman in Penobscot Bay, Me., the other day, and sold to a Boston Museum for $6.

A wren, in East Bradford, this State, built a nest in the sleeve of a garment that had been hung up in the yard to dry.

A child in Westown, this State, developing a sudden taste for art, painted on the photographs in the family album.

The Stock Inspector of Crook county, Oregon, reports that out of 100,000 sheep on hand at the beginning of winter 31,000 were lost.

The British Museum received one day lately a Chinese bank note issued from the Imperial Mint 800 years before the first use of paper money in England.

The sun's rays reflected from some bright tin pans put out to dry, set fire to a house in South Fairfield, Mich. It happened that they were so placed that the reflection from each pan focused on the same spot.

Prince Charles of Sweden and Norway was recently summoned to a court in Stockholm to serve as a juryman in a criminal case. But the judge decided that on account of family connections he was ineligible.

The ages of a family of four persons in Salem county, N. J., foot up 306 years. The father, who is the oldest, lacks four years of being a centenarian. His wife is 84, and the daughter and son 65 and 60 years respectively.

Vanilla is produced from a species of orchid that attaches itself to walls, trees and other suitable objects. The plant has a long, fleshy stem, and the leaves are alternate, oval and lanceolate. The flower is a greenish-white.

'One of the strange sights in a Storm Lake, Ia., window," says a Western paper, "is a cat with a combination family of kittens and young rats. The cat bestows the same motherly attention on the young rodents that she does on her own offspring."

"This 'flag on the schoolhouse' idea may be new," says a Maine journal, "but there is a good citizen of Bangor, General Charles W. Roberts, who has kept the stars and stripes flying, rain and shine, over his house for 50 years. Would there were more like him."

Novelists rarely pay much attention to statistics, but Walter Besant, in his "The Bell of St. Paul," appears to have taken note of the claim that nearly 16,000,000 bottles were filled at a famous spring during 1889, for he observes, "This is an age of Apollinaris water."

Four Portuguese miners, while driving from Cherokee to Ordville, Cal., lost a barley sack containing a large sum of money. They hurried back and recovered their treasure, which was lying in the middle of the street at Cherokee. The old sack saved it from any suspicion of value.

Farming operations in the vicinity of Egypt, Miss., are greatly retarded by crawfish, which burrow in the fields and keep the surface broken and wet. They bore underground to the depth of two or three feet, so that the hogs cannot get at them, else they would not live to do any damage.

A Providence paper is responsible for the statement that an iceman there recently found in a chunk of the watery solid a little pout that had been frozen in since last March. The finny fellow was released from his tight situation, and being placed in a jar of water soon became as lively as ever.

A schoolteacher in Marcellus, Mich., received the following note from an angry parent recently: "Mey 18. 90 when my Boys are Staing away from School I have Work For them, and when They are to home, that is non of your Hisness you hant rening My Shenty not by a goode Side, at my home."

A photographer in New York, who loaned an Italian boy his watch and chain to wear while sitting for a picture, afterwards found he had been too obliging, for the customer ran off while the photographer was in the dark room developing the negative. He had a tolerably good picture of the rascal, however, and through it the police succeeded in arresting the lad.

The German Emperor has just had a magnificent sword manufactured in Berlin as a gift to the Sultan. A lion's head in gold with ruby eyes forms the top; the hilt is formed by the Sultan's monogram in gold, set with very fine brilliants. The blade is of gilded steel with a nickeled scabbard, and the sword knot is set with diamonds. The whole is a wonderful piece of workmanship and does credit to the technical art of Berlin.

A craze for flowers suddenly struck a gang of Chicago street railway laborers while at work the other day, and one after another they bought at a neighboring flower stand until every man had some sort of floral decoration either in his hat-band or in his coarse shirt front. It was a bit of sentiment that didn't mean much, perhaps, but it was a picture in the busy and restless push of a great city, and it attracted the attention of thousands.

An Americus, Ga., young man says that he had a game rooster that kept every other fowl off his beat, and one night recently he heard a fluttering in his chicken house. The next morning he investigated it and found the rooster and a very large owl on the floor of his hen house. The rooster had driven one of his spurs clear through the owl's head, and it hung there, while the owl had a death grip on the rooster's wing. The owl was dead, but the rooster, as soon as released from the talon of the owl, stretched his neck and crowed lustily.

MEMORIES.

BY LOUEY JACKSON.

A world of fair and golden light,
A soft refrain upon the breeze,
A little bunch of roses white,
And all around sweet melodies,
One Summer day.

A balmy noon with sunshine fair,
A few swift-passing twilight hours,
A love-word whispered on the air,
A dreamy silence o'er the flow'rs,
One Summer day.

O sunlight glad, O flow'rets gay,
O twitt'ring songsters blithe and free,
Though golden hours shall hold their sway,
You ne'er can give again to me
That Summer day!

A Cruel Problem.

BY MRS. EDWARD KENNARD.

WHEN my wife and I married, we were very young. Mere children, for I had not yet reached my twentieth year, and she was only sixteen.

Her father was a poor and upright man, whom fortune had weighted with a family of twelve. It might have been supposed that he would willingly let one of his daughters go. Yet such was not the case. He opposed our marriage vehemently, and stoutly refused his consent, although he declared he had no objection to me personally. But our youth was against us. "Annie is much too young to think of getting married," he said. "And for the matter of that so are you. I have plenty of mouths to feed as it is, nevertheless for the girl's sake, and yours Andrew Johnson, I would rather keep Annie at home for another year or two."

"That's a long time to wait," I answered discontentedly.

"It may seem so just at the moment, but believe me, Andrew my boy, these early marriages amongst the improvident poor occasion a great amount of misery in the long run. I'm a plain-spoken man, and," he added with a sigh, "I've had some experience."

"I am not improvident," I said somewhat testily, for it seemed to me that my future father in-law was far too much inclined to treat me like a child. "No one can be called improvident who earns a pound a week, and who puts by regularly out of his wages as I do."

"My lad," he said, not unkindly, "you are young and sanguine, and look at things rather as you wish, than as they actually are. Take warning by me. Once upon a time I thought the same as yourself, and married my present wife when she was very little older than Annie. We have had twelve children, and although I have worked hard all my life, the utmost I can achieve is to keep the wolf from the door. Neither of us has been able to make any provision for our old age. All our earnings go in bringing up the young ones. Unless they are able to support us in their turn, we shall end our days in the workhouse. Stick to your trade till you are twenty-five, and have laid by a nice little sum of money to begin upon. Then when your position is assured, you may marry Annie, and welcome."

What young man, finding himself very much in love, would listen to such sensible advice as this? For myself, I believed that although things might go wrong with some people, they were sure to go right with me. Ah! the confidence of youth. How rash it is, and how sweet until advancing years shake to the ground the foundations on which it rests.

I had not much difficulty in persuading Annie to adopt my view of the matrimonial question, rather than her father's. She was gentle, and easily led. I think that was why I loved her so much, for I had no notion of a scolding shrew for a wife.

Well! to make a long story short, we kept our own counsel, and one morning slipped out and got married.

Annie's father was very angry when the news became known, which it shortly did, for some kind neighbor quickly told him our secret. He called us "a pair of young fools." Perhaps we were. At any rate, no fools could have been happier during the first few months. We suited each other, and if I wrote whole pages, I could not better describe our state.

I was a carver and gilder by trade, and being an expert workman considered I ought to be gaining higher wages than I received in the little country town of my birth. Added to this, there were other reasons why I particularly desired an increase of income. Expensive times loomed ahead, and I forsaw an inevitable outlay, for Annie was about to become a mother. Now, although we had saved something, what with first setting up house, and the cost of living, we had only a very small hoard on which to fall back in an emergency.

Therefore I went to my master, for whom I had worked between four and five years, and boldly asked him to raise my wages. At this, he flew in a terrible passion; vowed I was an impertinent young rascal, and declared it no business of his if I chose to go and get married at an age, when by rights I ought still to be in the nursery.

This observation irritated me extremely. One word led to another, and finally, after a heated argument on both sides, he sent me about my business, vowing that there were quite as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. To this I jibingly retorted, "Yes, if you can catch them."

My blood was up, and I did not pause to choose my words. I saw my folly when too late, but at the time I took no need of consequences. I imagined myself most unjustly treated, and entitled to a man's wage, knowing that for many months all the finer and more delicate work was invariably handed over to me.

As events proved, I should have fared better, had I not been quite so alive to my own worth. But patience and modesty are virtues, seldom found accompanying twenty short years' exserience of life. The ups and downs have still to be travelled, and at that age, the road of Toil, Perseverance and Disappointment, looks beautifully level.

"Annie," I said to my wife when I reached home, "I have lost my place. We must go to London. A man has no chance now-a-days of getting on anywhere else. These little country towns stagnate."

It was a bad time for us to move, but my mind was made up, besides, I could not afford to remain out of work. So we went; though Annie cried sorely at parting with her people. My heart grew big at the sight of her grief, especially as she was but weakly, poor thing! nevertheless, it seemed to me then that the determination I had come to was a right one.

After some little delay and trouble, I was fortunate enough to secure employment, at five-and-twenty shillings a week, with a well-known firm, in a large way of business.

In spite of this advance, however, I did not find my position materially improved, for house-rent was far dearer than in the country, and on all sides I came across pushing young fellows like myself, who had left their distant homes, and flocked to London in the hope of getting on.

I could not help seeing that to rise from the ranks of such an army was likely to prove a far more difficult task than, in my ignorance and simplicity, I had imagined. The sickly and the unenergetic, the dishonest and the vicious, soon dropped behind, crushed by their relentless foes, over-civilization and over population. All but the stoutest succumbed in the deadly struggle for Existence which everywhere I saw going on around me.

Thank God! in the succeeding years I had nothing to reproach myself with.

Every Saturday night, regularly as clockwork, I laid my wages on Annie's knee, and neither of us ever spent a penny without previously consulting the other. Times, however, were bad. All branches of trade suffered from slackness and depression; and, although we men had once or twice struck for higher wages, our employers had beaten us. They stated—and, I believe quite truly—that in the ticklish state of the country's commerce, they could not afford to enrich Labor at the expense of Capital, or give us a penny more than they were doing.

The choice lay between small wages or none at all. I dared not run any risks, for in seven years six children had been born to us. The first was a dear little flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl named Susan, after my wife's mother. Then came a pair of sturdy twins, bright merry little fellows, followed by three-year old Lotty, little Johnnie, not yet quite two, and a baby of eight months. Somehow we never seemed without a baby. This was a formidable family for a young father to support, and for a still younger mother to tend and rear.

Each year increased the responsibility, for as the children grew older, both their wants and their appetites rendered our task harder.

For some time past, what with Annie's many illnesses, and the expense entailed, I had been unable to put by a farthing. Indeed, I do not know how we should have got on, but for the kindness of the people living in the same house with us. This house was very high and narrow, and looked on to a row of similiar houses opposite.

At first we occupied the ground floor, but with every fresh child we had been forced to ascend a story; until now we had reached the topmost one of all.

We congratulated ourselves on the change, seeking to hide our real feelings, and pretended that the long weary stairs were more than counteracted by the fresher air and a partial view of the dull London sky. But for all that our hearts ached, and I, for one, was saddened by a terrible haunting fear of what the future might bring forth.

I had noticed lately that Annie appeared singularly depressed and went about her work with an air of hopeless dejection. Poor darling! She was worn to a shadow. Her nose stuck out quite sharply from what had once been such a pretty face, her blue eyes were hollow and faded, and there was a look of physical suffering in them, which touched me to the quick.

She was twenty-four years of age, and from her appearance, might have been forty-four. The only sign of youth that remained was her soft brown hair. Hard work, insufficient food, and the cares and pains of maternity had robbed her of everything else.

I realized the fact with a kind of shock. It did not make me love her the less, for she was my own true-hearted wife, but it sent a pang of sorrow quivering to the very depths of my being.

I looked round the room. It was scrupulously clean as usual; but it struck me as barer than its wont.

The time was winter, and a bitterly cold wind blew outside. The snow was falling in great, soft, silent flakes, which covered the roofs of the grim houses opposite, and stretched upon the dirty court beneath, a carpet white as down. Then it struck me that the red rep curtains, which had helped to keep our room cosy and warm of an evening, had vanished.

"Annie," I said, and though I tried hard to steady my voice, I was conscious that it trembled. "Where are the curtains?"

She was sitting before an apology of a fire with the baby at her breast, the twins clinging to her skirts, hungrily demanding when supper would be ready, and the other children were curled up on the threadbare rug at her feet.

Her lip quivered but she did not answer. I took her hand in mine and kissed it. It was so thin that as I did so her wedding-ring rolled from her third finger to the floor. She shivered, like one crushed by some burden too heavy to bear.

"Annie dear," I said again, "have you taken the curtains down to mend them?"

She shook her head.

"Are they gone?"

"Yes," she said, in a tone of utter despondency. "They—are—gone."

Alas! for me. I knew instinctively what those words meant. One by one our small possessions were falling into the hands of the pawnbroker who lived round the corner. And we had bought those curtains together soon after our marriage. She must have been hard pressed to part with them. Hard pressed! How could she be anything else? Where, oh where, was relentless Fate driving us? My heart was like to burst, for none knew better than myself how saving and thrifty Annie was.

If things had come to such a pass as this, then the prospect before us was indeed gloomy. I kept silent, so did she. We were both too miserable for speech, and the gradual drifting downwards from poverty to want, from want, to God knows what, froze the very blood in my veins.

The wind blew in through the curtainless windows, and the children cried with cold. Annie sank into a dull stupor, from which there was no arousing her. Once only during supper did she show signs of consciousness. With a heart-rending look she looked at the fair, little unequal heads surrounding the table and then at me. "I could not let them starve," she said, with a catch in her voice.

"No, dearest, of course you could not," I answered quietly, resolutely gulping down a lump that blocked my throat. "You acted wisely and for the best, as you always do."

"Yes," she muttered under her breath, "as I always do—as I always do. Andrew says so himself. He will understand."

I could not make her out. Her manner was so strange and unnatural, but at the time I attached no importance to her words.

After supper Annie put the children to bed and began to clear away the plates from the table. As she did so the light from our solitary lamp fell full upon her figure. It was thin enough, God knows, and yet something about the curves of her shabby black frock gave me a suspicion as to the possible cause of her extreme depression. Our quiver was already full. When the last baby had been born we both hoped it might not have a successor. Very, very gently I caught hold of her and pulled her on to my knee.

"Annie, dear," I whispered, drawing her close to me, for if ever man felt sorry for woman, I felt sorry for her at that moment, "Is it really so?"

She burst into an agony of tears. They frightened me less than her passively wretched mood. At any rate, they seemed more human.

"Oh! Andrew, Andrew," she sobbed, "I cannot help it. Don't be angry—but I—I dared not tell you this time."

"My poor girl! How should I be angry?"

"You see, Andrew, it's as much as ever we can do to rub along and look respectable. One more to feed and clothe will ruin us." And again into her weary eyes there stole that look of fixed despair, which made my flesh creep with a presentiment of impending evil.

I tried to comfort her, but alas! I had little consolation to bestow, for what she said was true enough, and we both knew it.

My brain was distracted by cruel thought. It disturbed even my religious beliefs, for was it not written in the Lord's own book, "Ye shall increase and multiply!" By degrees Annie's sobs ceased. Her head drooped on to my breast, and thoroughly worn out, she fell asleep. Very anxiously and sorrowfully I reviewed the situation. In spite of the most rigid economy, we had during the past year fallen into debt.

First, the baby was born, and then Annie had been seriously ill. For seven weeks I had had to pay a woman to take her place. Added to this my second girl Lotty, a poor, weakly child, suffering from a curvature of the spine, fell sick nigh unto death, and although I belonged to a club, there were many medicines and extras to be paid for.

My kind, old friend, Mr. Ratcliffe, who occupied two rooms on the third floor, had helped me most generously in this emergency. I still owed him money, and for very shame could not appeal to him again knowing that the small, fixed income which he possessed, was only just enough to live upon. Black indeed was the horizon, and already in my heart I sincerely pitied the hapless infant destined to make an entry into the world where it was not wanted, and whose parents had no means to support it.

A knock came at the door, and Mr. Ratcliffe entered. He often ran up to see us of an evening, bringing some portion of his own supper, which, my belief is, the good man saved for Annie. She had ever been a favorite of his. He stood now on the threshold, a kindly, shrivelled, diminutive figure, with bright, mouse-like eyes gleaming at us from under the shaggy pent-house of his brows.

"Hush!" I said softly, putting up a warning finger.

"Is she asleep?" he inquired, advancing gently on tip-toe into the room.

"Yes. She seems unusually tired this evening."

"Ah! no wonder, poor soul. She's not fit to work and slave as she does." So saying Mr. Ratcliffe gazed earnestly at my wife's pinched face. He gave a little dry cough, then added abruptly, "She looks very ill."

"Yes; I am afraid she does," I assented, sorrowfully.

"She hasn't been herself," he said, for a long time. What she wants is plenty of good food, freedom from worry, and rest."

I flushed crimson, but held my peace.

The little old gentleman began to talk excitedly.

"Things are getting very serious in this 19th century of ours," he went on, "very serious indeed. I often wonder how people can be so thoughtless as not to ask themselves what will become of them when once the great food-supplying districts cease to pour wheat and cattle into our markets. Already thousands and thousands of miserable infants are born into the world, who have never a chance given them of thriving, either physically or mentally. Why! the very animals are better cared for than the starving gutter children of this great and hideous city." Whereupon, Mr. Ratcliffe waved his right arm with a gesture that lent peculiar dignity to his shrunken person.

In his excitement he raised his voice and roused Annie. She moved uneasily and opened her eyes. Our visitor stole from the room, leaving a plate of broken meat upon the table.

I make Annie swallow a few mouthfuls, for at supper she had eaten nothing; and, then, as the cold was extreme, and the fire

nearly out, we crept into bed. Mr. Ratcliffe's words had made such a deep impression on me that I could not sleep without first unburdening my conscience.

"Annie," I said sorrowfully, "my dear, dear wife, I am so sorry. I wish to goodness this trouble might fall on my shoulders instead of yours."

She put her thin arms round my neck, and kissed me again and again. At last I fell into a deep and dreamless sleep, physical fatigue conquering every other sensation.

When I awoke it was morning, and I was conscious of feeling intensely cold. Still half asleep, I glanced at the window. Snow lay an inch thick on the sill. Yet how could the snow outside send such an icy chill through my frame. My blood seemed frozen, and the heart within me was as a stone.

"Annie," I cried to my wife, "are you awake?"

She gave no answer. I don't know why, but by some impulse I turned and looked at her. Her face was of an ashen hue, her eyes dilated, but dull and glassy.

In an instant I divined the awful truth. She was dead—dead, and by her own hand. I lay by the side of a corpse. With a shriek of horror I lept from the bed. On a table by my poor wife's side was an empty paper, labelled rat poison. God! how she must have suffered, and with what an iron will suffered in silence.

How could I have slumbered through the long night, and seen nothing, known nothing of my darling's agony? Petrified with horror, I stood and gazed at that still form, and livid, swollen face. No easy death hers. Pain was stamped on every feature. Suddenly I caught sight of a note pinned to the front of her night-dress. These were the last pitiful words ever penned by Annie's hand. They seared into my brain like fire.

"Dear husband, forgive me. Life is too hard. I have tried to bear the burden, but in vain. Is it very wicked for a weak woman to break down under it? The doctor tol l me I should die if this—this should happen which threatens to take place. I did not tell you. It seemed of no use, and—and Andrew. I loved you too well to give you pain. There would be time enough I thought, but the time came, and then—and then—somehow my mouth was silent, and after a bit I began to see a way out of the difficulty. Two less, Andrew, two less: ah! surely that will make a difference. Good-bye, my love, my husband. If there be a God, which of late I have begun to doubt, perhaps He will let us meet again." Then in almost indecipherable characters, "T-take—ca-re of our li-t-tle o-n-e-s."

I think I went mad. At any rate for the next four and-twenty hours. I have no recollection of what took place.

A leaden weight pressed heavy on my head, and thought was murky and confused. Gone! My wife gone! Ha, ha! She was right. An overpowering desire seized me to follow her example. Along the thorny road of life what had I to cheer me on? I saw it all as in a mirror. A small island girt in by the sea. A large population, ever increasing; competition becoming more and more keen and prizes proportionately fewer. What use honesty, steadiness, and sobriety? Thousands must go to the wall. Under such conditions, how was the struggle for a livelihood to be maintained; and what good struggling, ever struggling when at best success was represented by a bare pittance? I had been religiously brought up, but as I looked at my wife's dead body, I could not take it upon myself to blame her. I know how she had toiled: fighting against physical ill health, insufficient food, and a hundred worries which in my belief had ended by assailing her reason.

Poor thing! poor thing! It seemed to me that the god whom I had been taught to revere, was rather some Supreme Force representative of Evil as well as of Good.

In short, I know not what to believe. My faith, my trust were so cruelly shaken.

Childish voices roused me, and my thoughts took another direction. How was I, a clumsy man, to care for those six small bodies in the future? To wash and dress them, and perform the offices of a tender mother? I could not dandle, nor nourish the baby.

A bitter laugh broke from my lips. Annie had begged me to look after the children, yet how was it possible? If I stayed away from my work, starvation stared us in the face. And even if I went to it, I could but ill afford to pay a woman in my absence.

It was beyond my power to solve so cruel a problem. By no possibility could I unite the offices of nurse and bread-winner. The fact became more and more patent.

Mr. Ratcliffe's words, though harsh, were true. People were not justified in letting their dear little ones live, and starve and suffer. The pretty dears! with their curly heads, and clear eyes whose glances I could no longer meet. Were they never to have any of the worlds good gifts, but just go down in the strife without arms wherewith to defend themselves. There was cruelty somewhere, whether of God or of Nature.

A kind friend and neighbor offered to help me in my distress for the first week, and I gladly availed myself of her offer. But she had a family of her own, and on the seventh day was forced to leave. Despair seized me, a kind of dark, morbid longing to have done with this earth. Rest, rest, I was so weary, and my brain so numb and inactive. Annie was dead. Nothing mattered. Everything came to the same in the end, and as there was no equality in life, perhaps some was to be found in death. Annie knew. Ah! if she could only tell me.

I went out, and with my small stock of ready money bought a sumptuous meal—chops, potatoes, and cakes for the children. Yes, yes, their mother had been right to trust them to me. I would shield them from all harm, my lambs, my little, innocent pets. For once we would make merry, and, reckless of expenditure, indulge in the luxury of a hearty meal. Only for once. I thing you know by now that I am not extravagant.

With my own hands I prepared and cooked the food. The odor of hot chops was good to a hungry man's nostrils, as also the delicious aroma of coffee issuing from the pot. We had no chicory, so I poured in a substitute stolen from the workshop.

"What is that, father?" asked Susan's clear childish voice.

"Nothing nasty, my darling," I answered. "Don't be afraid. Father would not hurt a hair of her dear little head. It is only something to make us all sleep well through the long cold night, and not wake up till the sun shines."

"Ah! that would be nice," she sighed. And then, in turn, each of my dear ones drank of the strong, warm coffee, and smacked his or her little lips, and said, "Oh, how good!

Only the baby refused. He resented not being provided with his natural nourishment, and began to cry. Aha! Never mind. He will live to find out his mistake.

I kissed them all, Susan of the mother's eyes, the twins grown thin and pale, Lottie whose life from her birth had been one of pain, and the two youngsters. I kissed them, and put them to bed. Their wee, wan faces looked quite happy. They twined their tiny arms round my neck, and bade me a bright good night. Thank God for that. . . .

When all was quiet, I stole back into the sitting-room, and drained the coffee-pot to the dregs. Let no one be blamed. It was my own doing, the only way in which I could obey Annie's bidding, and save the children from suffering. I write, well, why do I write this? Is it because I wish to defend my good name when I am gone—to prevent people from calling me a monster of sin and crime? Ah! God, I don't know. . . My brain is dizzy. . . Everything is fading—fading away. . . . Merciful Heaven, solve at last the cruel problem—of Life. . . ."

I, Joseph Ratcliffe, take up my pen here, to tell of the human tragedy, which on the 20th day of April, 188- was enacted in this house.

Not hearing the sound of the children's voices as usual, about ten o'clock I knocked at the door of Andrew Johnson's room. Receiving no answer, I entered. May these old eyes never see so horrible a sight again. My young friend, as honest a workman and as good a fellow as ever stepped, lay dead upon the floor, and in the tiny garret beyond, his five elder children were stretched lifeless on their beds. Over the cold bodies of his brothers sisters, and the eight month old baby cooed softly to himself. All had been poisoned by a mixture of cyanide of potassium. Andrew's story, written shortly before his death, will tell you better than I can how he sank in the pitiful struggle for existance, now everywhere going on in England's great cities. They are overstocked and overcrowded. When this country gets filled up, as is rapidly becoming the case, what are poor men willing to work, and to live honest respectable lives to do? Andrew Johnson and his wife failed to solve the problem. Driven to despair, their reason tottering, unable any longer to properly distinguish between right and wrong; with their own hands they cut the Gordian knot. It is not for us to judge them until we can answer the question, "Has God purposely put human beings into the world to be tortured into acts of sin and madness?"

THROWING AWAY CROWNS.

At the commencement of his career, the Great Napoleon fell in with an ardent Revolutionist, M. Paul Francois Barras, who took a great liking to the young Corsican, and conceived the highest opinion of his abilities and of the powers which, events proved, he possessed in so remarkable a degree.

But in the opinion of Barras, Napoleon's want of means was a most serious obstacle to his chance of achieving fame, and he proposed to remedy this by selecting for him a rich wife.

Now, whether it was that he did not number among his acquaintances many women with the requisite dot, or whether he thought that his protege's fiery youth would be the better for the restraining influence which a wife of some experience in the ways of the world would no doubt be able to exert, Barras chose for this position a woman, who, though still undeniably handsome, was no longer young.

Though she was called Mademoiselle Montansier, she was in reality a widow, who, because she had been on the stage, had never adopted the name of her husband. She was sixty years of age; but it was said that she made her self appear to be not more than forty by the intimate knowledge that she possessed of the secrets of the toilet table.

Barras made up his mind that it was imperative to the success of Napoleon's career that he should make this elderly lady his wife, and accordingly he set himself to work to bring about the match by impressing upon each of them the advantages that would result from it.

To Napoleon he dilated the power that would follow the acquisition of the wealth which Mademoiselle Montansier could give him; to the lady he enlarged on the position that his talented young friend was bound to make for himself, and that would of course be shared by his wife.

For the purpose of introducing the couple to one another, he decided upon giving a supper, to which they were both invited; he so arranged matters that they were placed together at the table, and hoped that this precaution, added to the injunctions which he had given Napoleon to behave for once in his life with some show of civility to a lady, would have the happiest result.

But in this he was fated to be disappointed. Napoleon was quite the last man to rely upon in such a respect. His manners towards the fair sex were those of a costermonger, and though he could generally hold his own in a conversation with men, he was entirely without the knack of making himself interesting or agreeable to women.

He felt that his place was in the camp or the field, and he was quite out of his element among the conventionalities of a salon.

Had he been inclined to woo,—it would have been in a straight-forward soldier-like fashion, and not with the dallyings and compliments so dear to the Frenchwoman of his time. So, presently, Barras had the mortification of seeing Mademoiselle Montansier, her back turned to Napoleon, engaging in a lively conversation with the gentleman on her other side, while the future conqueror was making with little pellets of bread a plan of a battle on the table before him. Hardly a word passed between the two during the remainder of the meal.

Barras watched with growing annoyance the indifference of Napoleon, and felt his plans melting into thin air as he saw to evident delight with which the widow turned from him to the more entertaining companion she had found elsewhere.

Supper over, Barras drew Napoleon aside and spoke forcibly to him of the foolish way in which he was throwing away his chances. "You know," said he, "that money is everything to you; here are a million francs, and you will not stretch out your hand to take them; a most attractive woman, and you will not show her the smallest gallantry. Mademoiselle Montansier has come here this evening prepared to hear a declaration from you; strike while the iron is hot, and win the wealth that you cannot do without at one bold stroke."

"The woman is old enough to be my grandmother," said Napoleon, who was then twenty-five years old; "but that is no matter, for to me all women are alike. Money is what I want; and if I cannot get it without a wife, I must take the two together. I am no coiner of pretty speeches; but before the evening is over I will say to her: 'Mademoiselle, are you willing to accept me as your husband?' More than that I cannot do.

"The very kind of a proposal that any woman would expect from a blunt soldier," replied Barras. "Stay that, and I desire no more. You are to be envied; for, besides her wealth, Mademoiselle is very handsome still."

Napoleon turned away with a gesture of impatience; but half an hour later Barras noticed, to his joy, that the two were alone together in a recess. Presently, Napoleon got up and went away, and the lady beckoned to Barras with her fan. "Take away that dreadful little man," she said with a shudder; "he has bored me to death, and I only prevented him from proposing by sending him for a glass of lemonade."

"But why prevent him?" said Barras, "He will be a great man yet."

"Give myself and my money to such a little horror, such an ill-mannered boor as that!" replied Mademoiselle. "Never! I would sooner take the first beggar man out of the streets. What have I done that I should be given such a wretched evening? Don't let your"——

But at this moment she was checked by the arrival of Napoleon with the lemonade.

Barras hurried away, still hoping for the best; but soon he saw at the other end of the room Bonaparte standing in the attitude in which he has so often been depicted, with his arms folded and his chin sunk upon them,

"Well, are you to be married?" he said, hastening towards his protege.

"That old actress," said Napoleon, "that female Croesus, refused me before I had opened my mouth to ask her hand. I was on the point of speaking, as I told you I should speak, when she began to inform me that her wealth was the means of her constantly receiving offers from adventurers who cared nothing for herself; that she thanked Providence that she had so far seen through such fellows; and that she was resolved to keep her independence. I was glad I had not spoken, for it gave me the opportunity of saying, 'Mademoiselle, pray persevere in that praiseworthy intention; it is one which I am sure no one will ever try to persuade you to alter.'—Let her keep her millions to bait the hook for some one else; I have done with her."

And in spite of Barras' endeavors, the affair ended there.

In after-days, Mademoiselle Montansier was fond of boasting that, had she chosen, she might have been Empress of France and wife of the most famous man of the age.

Could she have been gifted with the faculty of foresight, no doubt she would have regarded more leniently the young man whom M. Barras wished her to marry.

When the people of Grenoble, in 1788, were preparing for the Revolution, Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, afterwards king of Sweden and Norway, was quartered in the town.

At that time he was a simple sergeant, distinguished by the attention he paid to his military duties, by his skill at cards, and his popularity with the fair sex.

On the famous "Day of Tiles," when the women of Grenoble mounted on to the roofs and assailed the troops with a storm of tiles, Bernadotte was with his regiment in the Rue Pertuisiere.

There were cries from one housetop to another to spare the popular sergeant; but in spite of the good intentions of the assailants, he received a blow on the head which stretched him apparently lifeless on the ground. But presently he showed some signs of life, and was carried into a neighboring cafe, where he was laid upon a table which is shown to this day.

A surgeon was called; and the wounded man showed such signs of vitality under his treatment, that it was soon evident that he was preserved for some other fate than that of Pyrrhus.

As he recovered his senses, he slowly raised himself on one elbow, and looking at the faces crowded in the doorway, was attracted by one, that of a beautiful young girl, whose big blue eyes were suffused with tears of pity for him. But faintness overcame him, and when he again recovered, the sympathizing face was gone.

Bernadotte was not long in getting over the effects of the blow that had prostrated him; and when he was quite recovered, he lost no time in endeavoring to find the maiden whose face he remembered like that of some pitying angel. For weeks his search was all in vain; but one day, as he was walking along and trying in vain to persuade himself of the futility of his search, he raised his eyes, and there before him was the face which had haunted him for so long!

The girl walked past him without recognising the wounded sergeant of the "Day of the Tiles." He followed her, and entering her home, made himself known to her parents, and offered himself as a candidate for the hand of their daughter.

At first the fair Amelie was well enough to receive the attentions of the smart young soldier; but after a while, a rival suitor appeared on the scene, and as he was the owner of a watchmaking establishment that yielded a comfortable income, his protestations of love sounded sweeter to her ears than those of the penniless sous officer.

At last the day came when Bernadotte was met on the threshold by her mother, who informed him that Amelie had the evening before betrothed herself to the watchmaker.

His fury knew no bounds; and rushing from the house, he sought his rival and challenged him to a duel. The civilian was no coward, and they met the same evening; but the watchmaker was no match for Bernadotte, who was considered one of the crack swordsmen of his regiment, and after the exchange of a few passes, he fell with a severe wound in his side.

The victorious soldier hoped that now Amelie would listen to his suit; but when he told her what had happened, she railed at him as the murderer of her lover, and told him never to let her see his face again.

In six weeks she became the bride of the man who had braved death for her sake, and soon afterwards Bernadotte left Grenoble and began the career that landed him upon the throne.

When he was occupying a palace and directing the affairs of a nation, his old love Amelie was a wrinkled, decrepit old woman, the general drudge of a wayside inn.

Ill health had come upon her husband, and though she had struggled bravely to tide over the bad times by taking in washing, she had not been able to make headway against the evil fortune which pursued them. Her husband died, and she sank to the lowest level of dependence.

She was fond of relating the story of her earlier days, and used to say: "Ah, sir, I should have done much better in marrying Monsieur Bernadotte. Why, I should be a queen now—yes, a queen, instead of a drudge at every one's beck and call. Ah! I made a sad mistake; for I assure you, sir, that Monsieur Bernadotte was no common man, and I always had a presentiment that he would distinguish himself. But when we are young we do not reflect, though I do not think that many can have been punished for their thoughtlessness by the loss of a kingdom."

All remembrance of her husband's devotion seemed to have been driven from her head by brooding over the grand position she might have occupied had she refused him; though it is probable that if she had married Bernadotte instead, he would have settled down to a humdrum life, and would never have achieved greatness but for the recklessness which Amelie s refusal of him engendered.

When asked if she had ever heard from him she replied: "No, sir. I have written to him several times since he became a king, but he has never answered my letters. Perhaps he is still annoyed at my having refused him. If I had any money, I would go to Sweden and beg him, for the sake of the love that he once had for me, to give me his linen to wash! He would hardly refuse that."

What an illustration of the workings of fate! The woman who might have shared Bernadotte's throne longing for his washing, and prevented from obtaining even this by her extreme poverty.

Polly's Lover.

BY F. C.

"POLLY," said Turner.

"Yes?" responded Polly.

Mr. Turner was coming in from the garden path. Polly, with plump white arms bared to the elbows, was washing the breakfast dishes at the sink.

Mr. Turner was a hard-featured, elderly man, with whitish-blue eyes, a straggly fringe of white beard beneath his square chin, and a bald cranium. Polly was fresh-colored and bright-eyed, with silky tendrils of auburn hair drooping over her frocked forehead, and a certain dimple perpetually playing at hide-and-seek on her left cheek.

"I'm going to town," said Mr. Turner. "You needn't get dinner. Waste makes want. A cup of tea and an egg will be all you'll need."

She was thinking of something else, all the while.

"And, talking about eggs," added Mr. Turner, "you may take four dozen up to The Cedars. Mrs. Brown wants plenty of them to make cake for her niece's party. Better go early this morning."

Polly colored scarlet under the auburn rings of hair.

"Can't I send 'em up, father?" said she. "Bartley Brown will be there, and—and I don't like him, with his red nose and his compliments."

Mr. Turner frowned.

"Polly," said he, "don't be a fool. I can see through you like a pane of glass. Bartley Brown's a well-to-do man, with money out at interest, and you'd ought to be proud that he's taken a fancy to you."

"But, father——"

"Not another word," grumbled Mr. Turner. "I know what's coming. It's that foolish nonsense about Gilbert Grace, that I hoped you'd got over long ago. Gilbert has no property, and isn't likely to, and no daughter of mine ain't going to marry your grandfather Phillips's clerk, not if I know it."

He paused with this multiplicity of double negatives.

"Take the eggs straight up to The Cedars," reiterated Mr. Turner, shaking his forefinger at Polly, "and don't argue any more. I'm your father, and I know what's best for you!"

"But you're going right past the Browns' door."

"No, I am not. I'm going the other way."

And he went out to the barn, leaving Polly ready to cry.

"But," she said to herself, as she finished her work, "I wouldn't marry Bartley Brown if there wasn't another man in the world. And if I can't have Gilbert, I'll live and die an old maid."

Bartley Brown, a fat, middle-aged bachelor, was out helping to gather the apples on the north side of the house when Polly came up. He made haste to welcome her.

"Good-morning, Miss Polly," said he. "As blooming as ever, I see."

"Here's your eggs," said Polly curtly.

"Sit down a bit, won't you?" simpered Mr. Brown.

"I'm in a hurry," said Polly.

"But, Polly——"

"My name's Miss Turner, sir!"

"I've got something very particular to say to you," urged the middle-aged suitor.

"It'll have to keep," said Polly. "I must get home."

"Can't I walk with you?"

"I'd rather go alone," she persisted.

"Polly—Miss Turner—I must speak!" blurted out the old bachelor. "I love you better than all the world! I want to make you my wife! There, that's what I had on my mind! And your father says it would suit him exactly, and—"

Polly wheeled around and faced her eager swain.

"Is it me, or father, you're courting?" said she.

"Why, you, of course!"

"Then take my answer—No!"

And without waiting for the return of her basket, she hurried away, her cheeks blazing, her breath coming quick and fast.

"Father'll be awfully mad," she thought, "but I'd sooner die than marry that man!"

Bartley stood a minute gazing after her in crestfallen silence; then he went back to apple harvesting with an ominous compression on his lips.

"The angrier she gets the prettier she looks," thought he. "Well, well, time will show. Her father says she shall be my wife, and that ought to count for something."

Mr. Turner drove leisurely, made an excellent bargain in the business that took him to town, and set forth to return just at dusk.

"It's a warm day for the time o' year," said he, "and it's easier travelling for the horse after dark. It isn't a bad day's work come to think of it. I beat them down pretty well on the price, and it's worth half a sovereign to cart a stove home over these bumpy roads. The chapel allowed five pounds for it and I paid four. Business is business. It's a proper pretty pattern, too—thistle leaves and acorns. I'd like one the same fashion in my own room, and"—with a long whistle—"why shouldn't I have it? There's the second hand stove Grandfather Phillips took for a debt from old Parker. It's just standing rusting away in his barn. I'll get it out to-morrow and black it up, and let the chapel folks suppose I got a bargain from somebody; and I'll have the nice new stove for myself and nobody'll be any the wiser."

He drew rein opposite Mr. Phillip's house. All was dark and quiet there save the one red light that burned in old Mr. Phillip's bedroom.

At that identical moment had he but known it, Gilbert Grace—the old man's clerk—was hanging over the garden gate of his own place, talking to pretty Polly.

It was no difficult task for a man of John Turner's physical strength to skilfully lift the old stove out of its place in the barn into his cart.

"Come up, Barney!" he muttered to his horse, shaking the reins, and away they went.

The stove was not quite satisfactory to the chapel authorities—they would have preferred a new one, considering the money they had spent; but Mr. Turner was a man of mark among them, and they were compelled to acquiesce in his choice.

Polly was delighted with the new acquisition for the best room.

"Oh, isn't it pretty?" said she.

"Yes," nodded Mr. Turner, rubbing his hands, "it'll dress up the room for your weddin'."

"My wedding?"

"Just so. I've arranged matters with Bartley Brown, and—"

Polly burst into tears, and ran out of the room.

Mr. Turner glared after her.

"She shall marry him," muttered he, "or she shall be no daughter of mine! I won't be set at defiance by——Well, Gilbert Grace, what brings you here?"

"Mr. Phillips is much worse this afternoon," said Gilbert, standing at the doorway like a rustic Apollo. "Wants to see you at once!"

It was a Saturday afternoon. As Mr. Turner drove by the chapel he saw the coals being delivered for the first fire of the season.

"Just in time!" said he to himself. "There's a frosty feel in the air."

Grandfather Phillips lay among his pillows, like a wrinkled old ghost.

"James," said he "all I've got in the world is yours; but I think I'd ought to tell you where I've hid it, since the bank robbery gave me such a scare."

"Certainly, certainly!" said his son-in-law, with eager eyes, like those of a bird of prey.

"I've hid it away——"

Mr. Turner placed his ear close to the pallid lips.

"Six hundred pound notes——"

"Yes, yes—go on!"

"Folded up in an old number of the Weekly Crier——"

"An old number of the Weekly Crier—I understand!" repeated Turner.

"In the old stove out in the barn!" gasped the old man. "I knew nobody would be likely to look there! It's yours, James Turner—every penny of it. And, mind you, don't spend it in extravagance!"

So speaking, the old miser closed his dim eyes and went where there is neither money nor counting of money.

James Turner uttered an exceedingly bitter cry as he remembered the lighted match he had put to the crumpled old papers in the stove to make sure of a draught, when it was put up in the northwest corner of the chapel—the roar of the blaze through the lengths of pipe. In his excellent management he had contrived to overreach himself.

He went home and sat all evening in a sort of stupor, with his head on his hands.

Polly, busied about her household tasks, watched him with eyes of surprise.

"I didn't know I thought so much of grandfather Phillips," pondered she.

"Six hundred pounds," mused Mr. Turner, rocking to and fro. "Six hundred pounds! And all gone. I shall go crazy. I shall go out of my mind. It's a judgment on me. I've been a miserable sinner, and cheated the chapel. I've tampered with my own conscience."

As the old kitchen clock struck nine, Gilbert Grace came in, bringing with him a gust of fresh, frosty air.

"Good evening," said he. "I'm looking up the watchers. I suppose you'd like to be one of them? But I'd like to speak a word to you first."

"If it's about Polly it is no use," said Mr. Turner, rousing himself to the affairs of the world with some petulance.

"It isn't about Polly," Gilbert answered with a smile. "It's about Mr. Phillips's money."

Mr. Turner gave a start.

"Oh, you needn't jump so," roassured Gilbert. "It's all safe."

He took a flat parcel out of his pocket.

"Count 'em," said he. "Six, ain't there?"

Mr. Turner stared at Gilbert Grace as Aladdin might have stared at the Genii.

"How—where—" he stammered.

Gilbert gave a low chuckle.

"Hush!" said he. "Don't speak loud. I saw the old man hide them there, like a human magpie as he is. I knew it wasn't safe, so I quietly took them out, after he'd had that last stroke, and locked them in his black leather trunk in the garret. And you may thank me that they were not all burned up in the first fire you lighted in that identical stove!"

Mr. Turner turned a purplish red.

"You know about that stove?" said he with a gasp.

"It wasn't likely such conjuring could go on about Mr. Phillips's place without my knowing it," said Grace drily. "The stove wasn't of any great consequence, though, except for old iron. I guess the chapel folks'll get sick of it before a great while."

Mr. Turner drew a long breath.

"When they do," said he, "I'll make 'em a present of a new one. And, either——"

"Yes, Mr. Turner?"

"You won't say nothin' to nobody?"

"No," said Gilbert, "I am so much of the talking sort."

"And, Gilbert."

"Yes, Mr. Turner?"

"Since you and Polly really are attached to each other——"

"We are just that, Mr. Turner."

"I don't see any objection to your gettin' married this autumn," said Turner, with an effort. "You may tell Polly that she has my consent!"

Polly cried a shower of happy tears when Gilbert told her the good news.

But he never imparted to her the story of the stove. As he himself had remarked, "he was not one of the talking sort."

SUICIDE CLUB.—The Suicide Club, of Bridgeport, formed five years ago in fun rather than in earnest, has been reduced to only one member by a remarkable faithfulness in carrying out the condition that one member of the club a year should commit suicide. When the annual meeting was held in January there were only two members to attend it, the Secretary and President; the former Wendell Baum, committed suicide a few weeks ago in New York, and now the President alone remains.

It was voted at this meeting by the Secretary that the President should make away with himself during the year, and by the President that the Secretary should do so, and there being no better way to settle it, it was mutually decided that the polls be held open until a new member was pledged and initiated. A letter carrier named Mayby talked seriously of becoming a member, and the President and secretary had great hopes of him until one morning it was learned that he had committed suicide.

He carried, however, a handsome silk umbrella, which he bequeathed to the Secretary of the club, Wendell Baum, and it was accepted. But the more Baum carried the umbrella, the more unhappy he became and when his friends tried to cheer him up, he said "A cloud hangs over me; I am doomed."

Finally, he sold his property, turned the money over to his wife, and, going to New York, gave the umbrella into the charge of a friend, directing that it be sent to the President of the club. He then cut his throat.

Since then the umbrella has been uncalled for, and the President of the suicide club will probably disband.

BREAKING A MIRROR.—Superstitious people believe it is unlucky to break a mirror.

The breaking of one recently, however, was quite the reverse of unlucky for a Mr. Roll, of Newark, for the accident has led to the most unexpected and satisfactory results.

The mirror in question had been given to Mr. Roll years ago by his grandfather. It was shivered unintentionally to atoms a short time ago, and an old yellow piece of parchment was disclosed to view.

It appears that for a number of years past Mr. Roll and his relations have been trying to gain additional evidence, with which they could lay claim to a wide stretch of land near New York, which, it was known a Dutch ancestor had owned, but the exact position of which they have never been able to find for the want of certain papers.

The document which dropped from the back of the broken mirror was the important missing proof that the heirs of the Dutchman—of whom there are over a hundred—have long been seeking, and, having thus unexpectedly found it, they will have no longer any difficulty in establishing their claims to the property.

As the value of it is put down at the lowest estimate to be six million dollars, the day on which the mirror was broken by mere chance may certainly be called a lucky one for the Roll family.

INCREASE OF WEALTH.—The rapid increase in wealth, business, and prosperity of the United States during the last ten years is simply marvelous. The total wealth of the country is now $71 169,000,000, nearly $1,000 per head. This is an increase in ten years of $18 000,000 000, or 42 per cent. England's wealth in 1885 is given as $50 000,000 000, giving an average wealth per head of $1,548. The average in Scotland is $1,215 per head, and in Ireland $565. The total wealth of France is estimated at $36 000 000 000. England excels in taxes $20 per head of population, while each individual in the United States pays but $12 50. America will produce 9 000 000 tons of iron this year, while England's greatest production is 3,000 000 tons.

PETS.—One often reads pathetic stories of pet birds that die simultaneously with or shortly after their child-owners. It sounds pretty; but the simple prose of the matter often is that the owners infected the birds. Canaries and other songsters will catch scarlet-fever, measles, diphtheria, or almost any other human disease, and, if left in the sick room, they are almost sure to be infected. Pet cats and small dogs, too, are often sacrificed in the same way; and in their case there is also the risk that they will go out and become the unwitting instruments of disseminating disease.

I know that I am; I know that I have the light of reason, the dictate of conscience, the power of will; I know that I did not make all things, not even myself. A necessity of any reason compels me to believe in One higher and greater than I, from whom I come, and to whose image I must attain.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Estimates of the world's population: The Mongolians lead with about 630 000 000, and the Aryans, which comprise practically all the people of Europe, four-fifths of those of the American continent and all of the civilized residents of Australia come next, with 545 000 000. The negroes are put at 150 000 000, the Semitic people at 65 000 000, the Malays and Polynesians at 35 000 000, and the Indian of North and South America at 15,000 000.

"It doesn't pay," remarked the "Kenebec Journal," "to be too grasping in this life. Several years ago a Richmond man refused to allow the Main Central Railroad to put a foot on what he supposed to be his land. A survey showed that not only the land in dispute, but several rods more, belonged to the company, and when the line fence was built it took a slice off the citizen's doorstep. A similar case happened in Skowhegan recently. A citizen objected to staging poles being set in his garden to shingle the car-house. A survey showed that a generous slice of the garden was the property of the railroad company."

A contemporary relates how a foolish young fellow at Albany, while riding in an electric car took a costly gold watch out of his pocket, and just for the purpose of showing that he "dared" it, laid the time piece on the floor of the car, just over the motor. "Of course it became heavily charged with the electric fluid and stopped. After it had lain there perhaps ten seconds he picked it up and it began running again. Some one in the car remarked that it might do it once, but it would not be a safe experiment to try it very often. He scouted the idea of danger, and to show that no harm could come to a watch under the circumstances, he placed it upon the floor again, letting it remain a minute. The works became thoroughly magnetized, would not go and a watchmaker tells him they are ruined."

The "Arounder," of a Buffalo paper, relates that he "witnessed a sight on Utica Street, a few days ago, that made him blush with shame. A boy, probably seventeen years of age, was driving an ash wagon along the street, when a handsome, dashing team of blacks came tearing along. There was no driver in the carriage, and two ladies who were on the back seat were utterly powerless to do anything to restrain the frenzied animals. The boy tried to get his cart to one side of the road, but he did not move enough, and the team dashed against the wagon. Before they could clear themselves the lad had given them a blow across the forehead with the butt of his whip that somewhat dazed them, and then he sprang lightly to the seat of the carriage, caught up the reins, and succeeding in quieting the panting horses just as the driver hove in sight, running up the street. Instead of thanking the youth for his noble deed, the two 'ladies(?)' glanced at his dirty clothes supercilously and then looked away, not even deigning to nod approval or say 'thank you.'"

There was recently told the following story of a pile of silverware now existing in the plate-room at Marlborough House. One day the Prince of Wales, on alighting from his carriage at the door of a house where he was about to pay a visit, saw a blind man and his dog vainly trying to effect a passage across the thoroughfare in the midst of a throng of carriages. With characteristic good nature the Prince came to the rescue, and successfully piloted the pair to the other side of the street. A short time afterward he received a massive silver inkstand with this inscription: 'To the Prince of Wales. From one who saw him conduct a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a kind and Christian action.' No note nor card accompanied the offering, and the name of the donor has never been discovered. But I think that this anonymous gift is not the least prized of the many articles in the Prince's treasure chamber. I can vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote, as it came to me direct from a young English lady who, by the kindness of a member of the Prince of Wale's household, was shown through Marlborough House during the absence of its owners, and the inkstand in question was pointed out to her by her conductor.

Crotchets are very well in a music book, but bad in people's heads. A bald man made merry at the expense of another who covered his lack of hair with a wig, adding, as a clincher, "You see how bald I am, and I don't wear a wig!"—"True," was the retort, "but an entirely bare requires no cover."

Our Young Folks.

DAISY'S PUNISHMENT.

BY K. S.

"DAISY," said her mother, "don't forget what I told you about the lilies: you are not to gather one, remember."

"No, mamma," replied the little Daisy; "but why mayn't I?"

"Because I tell you not to do so, dear; and now give me a kiss, and be quite good and happy while I am away."

So saying, Mrs. Blackmore stepped into her pony carriage, which was waiting outside the garden gate, and drove quickly down the road, while Daisy stood and kissed her hand.

Daisy Blackmore had no sisters, and only one big brother, Jack, who was at school, and, oh! how Daisy longed for the holidays to come, for though he often teased her, he was very fond of his little sister, and those were bright days for the lonely mite.

But where was nurse? you're wondering. Nurse had been taken ill, and had gone away. It was this that made Daisy look so sad. Mrs. Blackmore had gone that afternoon to see how she was.

Daisy wanted to go too, but mamma said "No," and it made her "so miserable," she said.

"I wonder why mamma told me not to get the lilies?" Daisy mused, as she walked towards the lily-bed with her pinafore full of daisies, and then sat down on a clump of grass facing it. "She always does let me get them. I think it is a very miserable day!" said the child to herself.

"Do you, indeed?" said a little voice close beside her, and sitting on a lily leaf Daisy saw a tiny creature ringing the lily bells, and laughing at every tune she played. "How dare you gather my bells when your mother told you not to?" continued the fairy. "You are never likely to be happy while you are so naughty. You have been pulling my watches to pieces all the afternoon, and how shall I known what time to go to bed if there are no daisies to shut their eyes when night comes?"

"Please, madam," said Daisy, "I did not mean to be naughty; I thought they were only daisies."

"Only daisies!" replied the Fairy Queen with scorn. "That is the way with all you mortals; you never do care for that of which you have plenty. Well, well, you shall come with me now, and perhaps next time you will think twice before you waste the flowers."

The fairy then waved her wand, and Daisy felt herself lifted up by hundreds of tiny beings, and carried quickly through the air. At last they came to the middle of a thick wood. Here the fairies stopped, and placed Daisy carefully on the ground.

She saw fairies everywhere—some playing with the butterflies, others riding on wasps (for no insect ever hurts a fairy), and some taking care of young birds while their parents went away.

All of them were happy because they loved each other.

Daisy thought she would go and talk to some of them, but before she had time to do so the queen came to her, and said, "follow me."

Daisy felt rather frightened, but dared not disobey. They had not gone far before they came to something that made her very much afraid.

She saw sitting under different trees, at least twenty little girls and boys, fastened down with spiders's webs so firmly they could hardly move.

"What are they doing?" inquired Daisy in a timid voice for she almost guessed without asking.

"Come and see," was the answer; and taking hold of Daisy's hand, the queen led her close to the trees, when she saw all the little boys and girls were mending the flowers they had pulled to pieces.

"Now," said the fairy, "you will see why I have brought you here. These children have to sit and mend the flowers until every one they have broken is whole again. We love the flowers, and will not let them be hurt. They are far more precious to us than your jewels are to you, and they have such a little time to live. Do you think," the Fairy Queen continued, "if you have only a few short days, or perhaps weeks, to live, it would be kind and right of someone who had years to take away your short life for fun?"

"Oh, no!" said Daisy, "I don't; and I will never hurt a flower, never, no more. But, please, may I go home now? Mamma will be so anxious about me."

"Go home! indeed you may not. You are going to stay here until you have mended all the daisies whose petals you plucked this afternoon, and mind you do it very nicely."

Smiling and nodding her head, the queen flew away and Daisy saw her no more.

In another moment she felt herself tied securely to a large oak tree, and, looking into her lap, found it filled with daisy heads, stalks and petals, all lying together in a heap.

"I wonder what I am to stick them on with?" thought Daisy. Just then she saw one of the fairies who had carried her into the woods coming with an acorn cup filled with gum, and a dragon fly's wing for a brush.

Lifting up the web with her foot, the fairy pushed the gum to Daisy, and then flew quickly away.

* * * * * *

Daisy now began to mend her flowers, but she found it a very difficult task.

Every petal had to be put in its proper place, or it did not fit. It was getting dark and the daisies began to shut up as they were being finished. That was very tiresome, and poor Daisy began to get tired.

She saw two of the little girls set free, and another boy brought by the fairies. Although she tried to talk to them, she found she could not; and then a fairy told her it was a part of the punishment, that they could speak to no one until their flowers were done.

So Daisy sat there for two hours, and at the end of that time she longed to go home. She began to cry, but that was no use, so she thought she would try to break the web.

Putting out both her hands, she pushed with all her might, and heard a voice saying,

"Daisy, Daisy, whatever are you lying in the lily bed for?"

Opening her eyes she saw her mother had returned, and jumping up ran to her, and said,

"Mamma, do mind you don't tread on the daisies, for perhaps I shall have to mend yours too next time the fairies come for me."

"What are you talking about child?" replied her mother. "I suppose you fell asleep on the mound, tumbled into the lilies and so have been dreaming about the flowers. Is that it?"

"Oh no, mamma," said Daisy, "I have not been to sleep; I have been to Fairyland. The queen came and fetched me because I spoilt her watches, the daisies," and sitting down by her mother, she told her all about it.

"Well, darling, it is wonderful!" said her mother. "And now I hope my little daughter will never spoil the flowers any more. I named her after them, you know, because I loved them so myself, and wanted her to do the same."

"Yes, mamma; and do mind how you tread on the grass. The fairies did not find all the daisies I spoilt, because some of them are lying on the lawn yet."

"And now," said Mrs. Blackmore, "I have something to tell you that you will be so pleased to hear. Nurse is better, and I will take you to see her to-morrow morning. You shall take her all the lilies you can gather; but now run and ask Ann to give you your tea, for it is getting late."

"I am so very glad," replied the child. "I do wish to-morrow was here; and, mamma, I did not get any lilies, though the fairy said I did."

Kissing her mother, she ran into the house with the happy face she always had.

Little Daisy does not forget the lesson the fairies taught. She always takes care of the flowers, and says it was not a dream, but that the Queen of the Fairies really came to see her, and took her to Fairyland.

THE LUCKY MISHAP.

BY S. U. W.

SEVERAL BOYS, of nearly the same age, were one day amusing themselves with the dangerous, though not uncommon pastime—playing bat and ball.

They had chosen one of the squares of the play-ground, near a little lake, in which their school-fellows were sailing miniature ships, thinking thus to be near their companions, and avoid doing mischief.

To their consternation, however, by a wrong turn of the bat, the ball entered the library window of one of the lordly mansions forming the triangle. The boy who struck the ball, stood meditating upon what course to pursue.

"Why don't you take to your heels, you blockhead? you will have the police after you whilst you are standing there!" was the exclamation of his companions, as they caught him by the arm to drag him from the spot. The author of the mischief still retained his thoughtful position.

"Never mind, leave me to myself," was the reply, and the young delinquent moved with unfaltering steps towards the door of the mansion, the knocker of which he unhesitatingly raised. The summons was answered by a footman.

"Is the master of the house at home?" he with some diffidence inquired.

"He is."

"Then I wish to see him, if you please."

"That you can't do, my man; but I'll deliver any message for you."

"No, that will not do. I must—indeed I must—see the gentleman." The earnestness and perseverance of the boy at length induced him to comply with his request, and opening the door of the library, he apologized for asking his master to see a shabby little fellow—adding that he could neither learn his business or get rid of him.

"Bring him in," said the gentlemen addressed, who, having witnessed the transaction, and overheard the conversation, was curious to know the object of the boy's visit.

The poor child, whose ideas had never soared above his father's second floor, stood for some moments in stupified amazement when ushered into an elegant apartment; but remembering the painful circumstance which had brought him into this scene of enchantment, he in some measure regained his self possession.

"I am very sorry, sir," he began in a faltering voice; "but I have broken your window. My father is out of work just now, and cannot pay you for it, but if you will be kind enough to take the money a little at a time, as I can get it, I will be sure to make it up," and as he spoke he drew a few half-pence from his pocket, and laid them on the table.

"That's an honest speech, my lad; but how am I to be sure that you will fulfill your engagement?" Mr. Cavendish returned. "Do you know I could have you sent to the station-house till the money is made up?"

"Oh, don't send me there, sir, it would break my dear mother's heart. I will pay you all—indeed I will, sir," and the poor boy burst into a flood of tears.

"I am glad you have so much consideration for your mother's feelings, and for her sake I will trust to your honesty."

"Oh, thank you, sir—thank you."

"But when do you expect to be able to make me another payment? This is a very small sum towards the price of a large square of plate glass," and as he spoke he glanced at the four half-pence which the boy had spread out.

"This day week, sir, if you please."

"Very well, let it be so. At this hour I shall be at home to see you." Poor Jack made his best bow and retired.

True to his appointment, our high principled boy appeared at the door of Mr. Cavendish's mansion. As the footman had previously received orders to admit him, he was immediately shown into the library.

"I have a shilling for you to-day, sir;" he said exultingly, and his countenance was radiant with smiles.

"Indeed that is a large sum for a boy like you to obtain in so short a time. I hope you came by it honestly?"

A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek of poor Jack, but it was not a flush of shame.

"I earned every penny of it sir, excepting one my mother gave me to make it up," he energetically replied; and he proceeded to say that he had been on the lookout for a job all that week; that he had held the horse of one gentleman, and ran an errand for another; and in this way he accounted for eleven pence.

"Your perseverance and industry do you credit, my lad," Mr. Cavendish exclaimed, his benovelent countenance lighted up with a smile. "And now I should like to know your name and place of residence."

"I will write it, sir, if you please. Indeed, I brought a piece of paper for the purpose of putting down the money. I hope I shall be able to make it all up in a few weeks, as I am trying to get a situation as an errand boy."

"You can write then? Do you go to school?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I go to Free School," and Jack stepped forward to take the pen Mr. Cavendish held towards him.

"You write a tolerably good hand, my little man. You may, I think, do better I think than take an errand boy's place. Let me see if you have any knowledge of arithmetic."

Jack stood boldly up, and unhesitatingly replied to the various questions which were put at him.

"That will do, my good boy. Now, when do you think you will be able to come and bring me more money?"

"I'll come this time next week, if I'm alive and well, sir."

"That was wisely added, my lad, for our lives are not in our own keeping. This I perceive you have been taught."

Another week elapsed, and again Jack appeared; but his countenance wore an aspect of sadness.

"I am very sorry," he said, "I have been unfortunate—and have only a small sum to give you." And as he spoke, he laid three penny worth of half-pence before Mr. Cavendish. "I assure you sir," he earnestly added, "I have offered my service to every gentleman on horseback that I could see."

"I believe you, my boy; I am pleased with your honest intentions. Perhaps you will meet with better success another time. Let me see, you have paid one shilling five pence—not amiss for the time," and with an encouraging smile, Mr. Cavendish suffered him to depart.

Though Mr. Cavendish had, from the first, concealed his intentions, his heart was planning a work of benevolence, which was nothing less than to befriend the poor boy whose noble conduct had won his admiration. For this end he, a few days subsequently, paid the parents a visit, when he knew the son would be at school. He related the incident which had brought him under his notice, and proceeded to inquire whether his conduct towards themselves was equally praiseworthy.

"Oh yes, sir," exclaimed the mother, her eyes filling with tears. "He has ever been a dutiful child to us, and always acts in this straightforward manner."

"He has indeed a noble spirit, sir," the father rejoined, "and I am as proud of him as if he were a prince."

"Would you part with him?" Mr. Cavendish asked. "I have something in view for his future benefit."

"Undoubtedly we would, for his benefit," was the reply of both.

"Well, then, purchase him a new suit of apparel with these two guineas, and bring him to my residence this day week. I will acquaint you with my views for him for the future."

Language cannot describe the heartfelt gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the happy parents, nor could they find utterance.

When next our young hero came into the presence of his benefactor, his appearance was certainly altered for the better, though no disadvantage of dress could rob his noble countenance of its lofty expression. Mr. Cavendish had previously made arrangements for him to become an inmate of his own house, and had also entered his name as a pupil at a neighboring school.

John Williams is now receiving a liberal education, and enjoying all the advantages which wealth can procure.

Such a sudden change of position and prospects would in many instances prove injurious to the moral character; but with a mind based upon solid business principles which our young friend possesses, little fear may be entertained that such will be the result.

MORAL DELINQUENCIES.—In the treatment of moral delinquencies, whether those of self or others, it is the cause of the evil that we need to discover and upon which our chief attack should be make. In self-culture this is clearly essential.

Of course to every one who is not hardened in evil-doing the consciousness of having done wrong will bring shame and distress. If however he trusts to that alone for future reformation, even accompanied by sincere resolves, he has not probed the matter to the bottom, and he may go on sinning and repenting until the feeling of sorrow itself wears out by fruitless repetition. But if he sets himself earnestly to find out the secret springs of his actions and to apply the caustic remedy there, he has begun an effective work that will bring a rich reward.

She—"Am I the first woman you ever loved?" He—"I think you are the first I ever truly loved. I have been attracted more or less by other women, but in each instance, before I fell in love with you, there could be found some rational excuse for it."

An editor thus distinguishes between different sorts of patriotism: "Some esteem it sweet to die for one's country; others regard it sweeter to live for one's country; but most of our patriots hold it sweetest to live upon one's country."

THE CRUEL SEA.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Beautiful Lily! child of our love!
Fair as we picture the angels above!
From the wild tempest, O where dost thou hide?
Why art thou gone from my sight and my side?
When the dark storm-clouds come over the hill,
And the wild, maddened waters wax angry and chill,
I think of the child whom I once loved the best,
Who will never lie down 'neath the daisies at rest;
Where dost thou slumber the cold sleep of death?
The spirit of ocean received thy last breath—
Did she make thee a grave in the coral groves fair,
Where the sands are as goldenly bright as thy hair?
The hair that so often I kissed, and have rolled
O'er my fingers so lightly—a web of spun gold!
No more can the waters look lovely to me—
They are cruel and fierce as a wild beast can be—
Yet a terrible spell they hold over my soul,
And I steal to the beach when the angry waves roll,
I picture thy form as it sways with the tide,
And think of the beauty the dark waters hide,
Till I long for the strength to cope with the main,
And snatch from its bosom my darling again.
Oh, had I but held thy dear head on my breast,
And under the violets laid thee to rest,
I had sorrowed more gently, my love and my pride,
Nor wept for the beauty the dark waters hide!

RIGHT AND LEFT.

Every little custom or peculiarity has a history attached to it; and it would be surprising, therefore, if so curious a problem as the general use of the right hand in preference to the left had escaped notice.

It is, as a matter of fact, an old subject, and one that has furnished scope for a great deal of wild theorising. Even the derivation of the term "left" has been a source of much controversy. Archbishop Trench says the "left" hand is so called because it is unemployed so much. In that view he does not receive much support; indeed, his conclusion has been sturdily opposed.

The question as to whether our ancestors were what we call "dexter"-handed, may be answered emphatically in the affirmitive. All are agreed on this point. But were the ancient Hebrews a left handed people?

The most ancient forms of Semitic letters within our reach are the Phœnician characters of the Moabite stone, which characters date from about the year 900 B. C. The inscription in this instance reads from left to right, as we do in the present day.

Others, again, show how the difference between the two methods, writing from right to left, was bridged over by the immediate practice of writing alternately—like an ox ploughing.

The net result of this interesting controversy seems to be that the ancient Hebrews were "either-handed," or, rather, that they did not solely confine themselves to the education of the right hand. But the question asked nowadays is:

"Is the use of the right hand, in proference to the left, natural, or is it acquired."

Aristotle strongly contends that in this, as in all other instances, the organs of the right side are more powerful than those of the left.

Plato, however, ridicules the idea that the use of the right hand is natural, and attributes the weakness of the left side to the bad habits established by nurses and mothers. In support of this theory we have the indisputable facts that a baby will take a rattle with either hand, and that children of four or six years old will offer the left hand in shaking hands—a mistake which most well intended people pass off with a joke.

Though it is not for us to step in and decide where the "doctors disagree," certain conclusions are so obvious that they will occur to anybody after a little reflection. In the first place, if the use of what we call the "dexter" hand, in preference to the left, were an "original instinct," all men alike would be right handed—there could be no exception. The fact that there are exceptions proves conclusively that the partiality for the right hand is acquired.

There seems no reason to doubt, then, that the left side might be educated equally as well as the right.

Charles Reade, who once started a long newspaper discussion on ambidexterity, was of opinion that mankind can, ought to, and eventually will be, either-handed.

That is possible to train both hands is evident from the story told of Sir Edwin Landseer, who on one occasion drew a deer's head with one hand while he was drawing a landscape with the other.

Again, Professor Elwin Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, could draw simultaneously, two different objects with either hand; or he would draw an object with one hand, and at the same time write the names of the object with the other.

Further examples of this ambidextrous work could be given, but they are not necessary, since in every day life we see abundant proof of what is possible in this direction.

Piano players and organists, for instance, have to train both hands. Taking these and many other circumstances into consideration, there can be no doubt that the children could be taught to use both hands with equal freedom and facility; and perhaps, if they were left to themselves, the result would be just the same. But it is imperative that a child should be taught to eat, dress, play and write as quickly as possible. This is patent. To teach a child to do all these things with both hands would take nearly, if not quite, twice as long as with one hand only; and therefore, as a matter of expediency, the latter course is generally adopted; and it must be admited that, taking all things into consideration, it is the most judicious one.

On the ground of economy of time, then, it is extremely doubtful whether Charles Reade's ideal will be realized.

But how is it that what we call the "right" hand is always chosen for education? To say the least, it is doubtful, as we have seen, whether the cause is found in an "original instinct." Perhaps the real cause is due to the sentiment which has always been attached to the left side.

In some European countries—the United Kingdom among the number—the wedding ring is placed on the fourth finger of the left hand. The theory that on that finger a particular vien, connected with the heart, is touched, is shown by anatomy to be incorrect. Then everybody is familiar with the fact that at one time numberless superstitions obtained regarding the cardiac organs.

Suppose, that the ancient Hebrews were left-handed, it is not at all improbable that the change gradually took place owing to some such reasons as these; and, once made, one can easily understand that it would be handed down from generation to generation.

It may be true that, nowadays, the left is the weak side; but the cause may be due to the fact that for ages the right hand has been developed at its expense. Moreover, typical development counts for something.

To bear out his theory, Charles Reade said that the left hand (closed) is the favorite weapon of a pugilist.

A pugilist who put forward his right side would be called a left-handed boxer. The left is, in short, the artistic hand, and the right is reserved for more serious work; and the practice of the prize ring, in this respect is precisely the same as that generally adopted.

Grains of Gold.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

Most men resolve to enjoy life, but no man ever yet enjoyed life who had so resolved.

A man must take the fat with the lean, that's what he must make his mind up to in this life.

It is always safe to learn even from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.

Persons and humors may be jumbled and disguised; but nature, like quicksilver, will never be killed.

The difference between a wise man and a fool is that one knows how to keep the foolishness in and the other lets it out.

There are some solitary wretches who seem to have left mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and as much feeling for the rest of the world as ourselves.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being the better for it.

To believe aright is much; to act up to one's beliefs is more; while he who does both joyfully manifests the spirit of truthfulness.

Silence is the highest wisdom of a fool, and speech is the greatest trial of a wise man. If one would be wise let his words show him so.

The large proportion of sins committed against the laws of right are done without reflection, and many of them are bitterly repented of too late.

There is but one secret of contentment, and that is to take your present circumstances as a boundary that for a moment cannot be passed and abide quietly within it.

Timidity creates cowards and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform which overcomes difficulties that others think cannot be surmounted.

Femininities.

A woman in Apopka, Fla., takes great pride in a needle which she has used for over seven years.

Mrs. Sarah Barrett, the "oldest inhabitant" of Putnam county, N. Y., died recently aged 102 years.

Thin man: "Tell me, friend, what do you do to make you so fat?" Fat man: "Simply noting."

Some of the girls in the gymnasium can jump over a five-foot bar—and they don't have a mouse in the room, either.

He: "I have three thousand a year. You could certainly live on that." She: "Yes; but I should hate to see you starve."

She, at the piano: "Listen! How do you enjoy this refrain?" He: "Very much. The more you refrain the better I like it."

Red lights on the rear of trains were adopted at the suggestion of a woman who had narrowly escaped a railroad accident.

One of the quaintest mantel ornaments of recent make is a typical Paddy in bronze, carrying on the point of his shillelagh a small clock.

The German Empress Frederick loves little children. She never fails to notice every one she sees and will often stop in her walks and speak to them.

Some of the Parisian night-robes are decorated with colored trimming, thin bands being used for collar, cuffs and a straight strip down the front.

Teacher: "And now, children, you have heard the story of Ananias. What lesson should we learn from his fate?" Tommy: "Never to get caught."

Handcuffs of flowers for bridesmaids is the latest caprice abroad, the pretty creatures being yoked together, the one to the other, with a garland of flowers.

Russian silver is each day gaining more prominence. Bon-bon trays, card racks, urns, jewel boxes and other articles innumerable are now shown in Russian silver.

"Maria, dear," said the fond mother, "the postman asked me to-day whether you would not use some other perfume on your letters. Violet doesn't agree with him."

An artistic idea if carried out in the decoration of lovely bands of black net, coral beads or torquoises being used to form the stars and flowers of the charming embroidery.

Finnegan: "What would you do if you had a million dollars?" Mudge: "I'd lick about a score of fellows that I am keeping my hands off at present because I am not able to stand a fine."

Bangor, Me., has a battalion of thirty young women, called the Chilcothians, who wear uniforms and carry Springfield rifles. They gave an exhibition a few days ago before the Governor and his staff.

A Russian ukase has just been issued permitting the employment of women on railroads. On the Transcaspian Line there are female station masters, traffic managers, signal women and point women.

One of the oddest silver brooches shown resembles a dilapidated shoe, turned down on one side, with broken laces. A dozen small diamonds glittering from the sole take the places usually occupied by nails.

An Ohio couple were divorced last November, after a short but unhappy married life. On a recent Sunday they were remarried in Ironton by the same clergyman who had tied the knot at their first wedding.

A parent's growl. "How's your family?" "Pretty well, thank you." "Any of your daughters married yet?" "No, and I can't understand why they don't go off; they use powder enough, goodness knows."

Cosy nooks and corners of even the most matter-of-fact sitting-rooms are shadowed by high-growing plants, stately palms and every variety of foliage plant being used to give an air of cheery beauty to the apartment.

Farmer: "Come out here to the barn, Miss Beaconstreet; I want to show you my new Jersey calf." Miss B., enchanted: "Oh, what a lovely little cow! Now, I suppose that is the kind that gives the condensed milk, isn't it?"

Seville is infested with women barbers. They are pretty women, however. A woman barber can tuck a towel under a gentleman's chin, hold him by the nose and brandish a razor as well as a man, and can do more talking at the same time.

Miss Winnie Davis will receive a novel bridal present from Atlanta. Major Sidney Root is having an old-fashioned country gourd rimmed and braced with silver, and will forward it to be used as a wall ornament or a drinking cup. Major Root regards a gourd as a fitting emblem of the "Old South."

The newest notion in baskets is a dainty affair with a foundation bed of myrtle upon which rests the bright-hued blooms. As this fancy swings from the arm the trailing vines fall over the delicate gown, giving an added touch of beauty to the girlish costume. Severe plainness upon the other side must be preserved in order to offer a striking contrast.

There comes from over the sea the important announcement that of the eight women who agreed to appear on horseback riding astride, at London's next coaching meet, four have backed out. The other four intend to appear in costumes of "blue redingote, with skirts falling to the knees, light buckskin breeches, long patent-leather boots and a silk hat."

Mrs Millais, the famous artist's wife, and the ex-wife of John Ruskin, lives like a royal princess, and has a staff of artistically dressed servants who care for her every desire. She is beautiful, accomplished and captivating, and is regarded as her husband's mascot. Her Greek dresses are poems, and her poses the perfection of grace. She has oriental couches in all her apartments, and is said to be the happiest woman in all Europe. Her husband is worth $1,000,000.

Masculinities.

Ex President Hayes is said to be worth nearly $1,000,000.

An octogenarian in Morris county, New Jersey, has begun suit for divorce.

A centenarian at Rome, this State, is said to often walk 10 miles to see friends.

Haberdashers are having a big run on black silk underwear for gentlemen.

Hope Temple, the famous writer of English ballads, smokes eighteen cigarettes a day.

The men employed at Menlo Park say that they have never seen Edison without a cigar in his mouth.

Arthur: "Don't marry Ella. She is as silent as a post." Fred: "Then she is just the kind to hitch to."

His Satanic majesty arising from a mass of fire is brought out in relief on a silver match-box at present before the public.

From Georgia comes the story that a Gainesville lad ate 46 bananas on a wager, and then, like Oliver Twist, asked "for more."

He: "I suppose you will give Miss Jones a handsome wedding present?" She: "No; what's the use? I have concluded never to marry."

He who will buy one of the latest things in "kummerbunds," or sashes, may throw his suspenders aside with a feeling of perfect security.

The rascal who succeeded in cracking so many safes in Peoria, Ills., has at last been captured, and turns out to be the son of a local millionaire distiller.

Two princes are contending for an American heiress in Paris. A "title" insurance company in behalf of American girls might do well this summer.

After living happily together for more than 50 years, John Fraser and his wife Matilda died recently at their home in Brooklyn within one hour of each other.

He remembered. "Well, George, what did you learn in school to-day?" "I learned that—well, I learned that three apples plus six pears equals nine oranges."

He, enthusiastically: "If I could always hold these little hands in mine." She: "What good would that do you?" He: "Then you couldn't pound that piano any more."

In the head of the latest walking-cane is a place for a small photo of a young man's best girl. This was probably gotten up for young dudes who suck at that portion of the cane.

At a party. "Hans, put down that cake at once; have you no manners?" "Don't speak so loud, papa; you ought to be glad that no one saw how badly I have been brought up."

Bragg: "I suppose Timson is overflowing with happiness since his new boy arrived?" Braggs: "He may be by this time, but when I saw him this afternoon he was only half full."

Dillenback, starting another story at 11.55 P. M.: "You know how I hate to walk? Well——" Miss Eugenia: "How forgetful of me! We'll have Thomas call the carriage at once."

"The meek shall inherit the earth," quoted the minister to a parishioner not noted for his meekness. "Yes," replied the layman, "but the hustler is contesting the will very vigorously."

Three brothers who started in the boot-blacking business in Chicago, have prospered so well that one of them has bought out a cigar store and the other two are to embark in the retail grocery business.

As the result of weighing 203 newly-born children to determine the weight of the brain, the male infant's brain weighed 11 9 ounces and the female 11 4 ounces; the weight of the brain being to the body as one to eight.

He, sympathetically: "I am sorry to hear of the death of your dog. What was the matter with him?" She: "I am sure I don't know. Poor Fido was such a dear, and we did all we could for him." He: "Well, perhaps he ate some of it."

Bobbs: "I couldn't possibly sleep as late as you do. Why, I'm out of bed and as busy as a bee before 5 o'clock every morning." Dobbs: "You don't say so! How long have you been doing that?" Bobbs: "Ever since baby came."

"What did you wish?" asked little Julius of his mamma who had just helped to "point the wish-bone. "That you would be a better boy," replied his mamma. "But it won't come true," gladly cried Julius, "for I've got the biggest part!"

Tom: "Do you suppose she has spoken to her parents about the engagement yet?" Dick: "I know she has spoken to her father. He met me to-day and invited me to have a drink." Tom: "But he's a temperance man." Dick: "Of course, and he wanted to try me."

George: "Speaking of your wife, I have never seen her yet." Jack: "Is that so? You must come in with me. By the by, I have a new dog I want to show you, too; most wonderful fellow a setter. Here's my house. We'll go in the back way—dog's in the yard."

John Palmer, the greatest stamp collector in the world, lives over a dingy little shop in the Strand, London. He has over a million forged stamps in his possession and he has exposed many stamp forgers. A million forged stamps ought to be enough to fill a philatelist's heart with grief.

Dubious young man: "But Fredsie, darling, such a wedding trip as that will be pretty expensive, won't it, for persons in our circumstances?" His fiancee: "It will cost a little more than we had planned at first, Flavius, dear, but look at the money we shall get by selling the duplicate wedding presents!"

Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria has resumed the gratuitous treatment of eye diseases among the Tyrolese poor, and during the past few weeks he has carried to a successful issue 70 operations, of which 16 were for cataract. He is a duly qualified practitioner of the Munich school, whose curriculum he supplemented by the study of Vienna and Berlin.

Recent Book Issues.

"Jarl's Daughter," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, is a love story of the brigtest, happiest, lively, and most entertaing description.

"The Corsican Brothers," a tale of Corsica just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city is the original work, by Alexander Dumas, from which the popular play of "The Corsican Brothers" was dramatized. It is one weirdest and most thrilling inspirations which ever came to a fertile brain. Price twenty-five cents.

"Miss Eaton's Romance" by Richard Allen is a story of the New Jersey coast, and evidently written by one who knows his locality well. The plot itself is only of the everyday order found in such books, but is more than redeemed by touches of local color, and faithful pictures of manner and character among the dwellers of the sea. For a summer novel it will have a charm for those who may enjoy it among the people it describes, and a greater one for the city reader who will find its pages full of delightful ocean freshness and flavor. Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York, publishers. For sale by Lippincott.

A volume especially valuable to Philadelphians and of interest to all is "The Life of George H. Stuart. Written by Himself." It is edited by Prof. Thompson of the University of Pennsylvania, and dedicated to John Wanamaker. It contains many brightly interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of the great philanthropist along with personal recollections of the eminent men, Lincoln, Grant, Sumner and others with whom he came in contact. The book is very full, and makes the past fairly alive in its vivid telling of what Mr. Stuart saw and did. The pages are rendered even more picturesque by a number of interesting photographs of noted persons and places referred to in the text. Splendidly printed and bound. Published by J. M. Stoddard & Co., this city.

Everybody wants a good Dictionary, for the spread of intelligence is so great in America, that one is necessary to keep up with the improvement of the language. Knowing this, of late different publishers have reprinted the old "Webster" Dictionary of 1847 and allow the unsuspecting to consider it the real Webster Dictionary of 1890. They can do this without laying themselves open to the law, for the reason that the copyright on the work of 1847 has expired. It is a deliberate fraud, however, on all purchasers, to pass it off as a "Webster's Dictionary" as the word is now understood, for there is no more likeness between the two than there is between a brick house and a marble palace. The "Webster" of 1847 was a great work for that time but it does not compete with the genuine "Webster" of 1890 anymore than a country one horse wagon could with a lightning express. Since the 1847 issue of Webster there have been dozens of the best scholars in the land continually at work making "Webster" what it is. There are thousands upon thousands of words in the "Webster" of to day that are not to be found in that of 1847. There are likewise thousands of new derivations, corrections and definitions. The world has practically been remodeled, since 1847 by telegraph, railroad, ocean cables, electricity, telephones and science in general. The 1847 "Webster takes no notes of the last forty years the greatest and most progressive the earth has ever seen. If people want "Webster's Dictionary" there is only one genuine: that published by Meriam & Co., Springfield, Mass, the holders of all the "Webster" copyrights.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The June *Eclectic* contains much excellent reading judiciously selected from the leading foreign magazines. An interesting description of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir is by a soldier of the ranks. Olive Schreiner, under the title of "The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed," contributes a dream of hell. Emile Ollivier has a study of the Berlin Labor Conference. Edward Clodd talks about "Miracle Plays." Mr. Gladstone discusses "The Creation Story," and the new star in English literature, Rudyard Kipling, has a dramatic sketch, "The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood." Prof. Goldwin Smith enlarges on the character and career of William Lloyd Garrison in a paper entitled "A Moral Crusader." The number contains several other readable articles. B. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 Bond street, New York.

Perkins received a dispatch this morning announcing the death of his wife's mother. Was he visibly affected? Yes, indeed; but you know joy never kills.

ABOUT PIGMIES.

The ancient belief in the existence of a nation of Pigmies has been partly verified in modern times, for we may certainly class the Laps and the Esquimaux as belong to a dwarfish race.

The stunted Bushmen of Southern Africa are now rivalled by the waspish imps discovered, to his cost, by the intrepid Stanley in the dismal forests through which he struggled to join Emin Pasha. A "venomous, cowardly and thievish race, very expert with the arrow," adepts also at poisoning their weapons, and more than suspected of cannibalism; such an unattractive description will be likely to cause future travellers to give them a wide berth.

But these tribal homuncuil are not so interesting a subject for consideration as the various dwarfs who have been noted in the world's history as being far below the ordinary stature of their fellow-men.

These diminutive freaks of nature have been generally stigmatised as malicious, mischievous, and untrustworthy, though capable of deep affection, as instanced in literature by the Black Dwarf of Sir Walter Scott, and Victor Hugo's Hunchback of Notre Dame. But these are rather examples of deformity combined with great bodily strength. The true human dwarf is proportionate throughout, though, perhaps, attaining only half the average height.

Although giants are frequently mentioned in the Bible, there is only one reference to a "dwarf," occurring in Leviticus, twenty-first chapter, verse twenty. In the New Testament it is told of Zaccheus, the rich publican, that "he was little of stature," and we also find that, like many other little men, he worked his way to the front.

In Wierix's Bible of 1594, there is an engraving representing the feast of Dives, with Lazarus at the gate. In the banqueting room is depicted a dwarf, evidently contributing to the merriment of the company. This was probably due to a custom among persons of rank in the sixteenth century, rather than to the artist's conception of the surroundings of Dives, for the pictures and engravings of that period abound in anachronisms. It is quite possible, however, that the rich man could number a dwarf among his train, for it was a practice in the East, from the earlies times, for great personages to possess one of these little men as a jester or as a curiosity.

The Egyptians had the same caprice, three thousand five hundred years ago, as is shown by the imperishable pictures they have left.

The Romans were passionately fond of dwarfs, so much so that they made them an object of commerce, and, as a consequence, in order to supply an ever ready market, the dealers invented cruel and artificial methods of checking the growth of infants by squeezing them in boxes, or by using tight bandages.

Julia, the niece of Augustus, had a little attendant named Tonopas, or Coropas, to whom she was much attacted. He was a little over two feet in height; Andromeda, a freed maid of Julia, was little more. Even less than these was Lucius, whom Augustus exhibited in one his plays. It is stated that he weighed only seventeen pounds, although he had a strong voice.

Pliny mentions two knights of Rome—Marius Maximus and Marcus Tullius—who were barely three feet high.

Dolabella, one of Julius Cæsar's lieutenants, though not exactly a dwarf, was so diminutive that, on one occasion at least, the jocular enquiry was made as to who had tied him so cleverly to his sword.

Pepin, the first of the French Carlovingian kings, has been described as "one of the greatest and most prudent monarchs that ever sat on the throne of France." He was, physically, most diminutive, but, at the same time, stronger than most men. A story is told of his leaping into the arena to separate a lion and a bull, and slaying them both, a feat which none of his nobles dared attempt. His small stature earned for him the surname of "le Bref." He died in the year 768, the reins of government passing into the equally able hands of his son, Charlemagne.

It is recorded that, in 1710 Peter the Great celebrated with much pomp and ceremony the marriage of two dwarfs at Saint Petersburg. He commanded all dwarfs, both male and female, residing within two hundred miles of his capital, to be present at the event; and for their convenience supplied carriages, each of which would contain a dozen or so of the diminutive guests. The whole company of dwarfs numbered seventy, beside the bride and bridegroom, who were very richly dressed. Everything provided for the miniature assemblage was suitable in size. An elaborate banquet was followed by a ball, which was opened, of course, by the newly-wedded pair with a minuet, the dancing being gaily continued for a considerable time by the Lilliputian company.

Hone gives an account of a little man hailing from Norfolk, a country more famous for giants than for dwarfs, much to the credit of its dumplings. This particularly small "dumpling," John Coan, was thirty-eight inches high at twenty-three years of age, and weighed only thirty-four pounds. He is described as being perfectly straight, of good complexion, and having a sprightly temper. He could sing tolerably well, and gained great applause by his exact imitation of the crowing of a cock.

The "Gentleman's Magazine' of 1813 notifies the sudden death of a curious little man known as Crutchy Jack. Though not more than three feet in hight, he was the father of eight fine, robust children. His head was of such size as to be out of all proportion to his small body; but irregular as was his conformation, his constitution was sound; for Crutchy Jack lived beyond three score years. His wife and four children survived him.

Many have perhaps heard or read of the remarkable Scottish dwarf, named Ritchie, upon whose character Sir Walter Scott is said to have founded his story of the "Black Dwarf." Ritchie took up his abode early in the present century in Peebleshire where he built with his own hands a small, but very strong cottage. He was possessed of enormous strength; and his skull was of such thickness that he could with ease strike it through the panel of a door without feeling any ill effect. He had a horrible laugh, which was compared to the cry of a screech-owl. He was of a most irritable temper; and, as may be imagined, his habits were most singular and eccentric.

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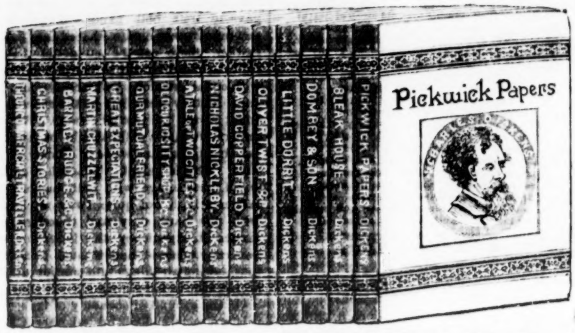

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NOVEL DETECTIVE WORK.—A confidential clerk in Kansas City, who absconded less than a month ago with $23,000 belonging to his employer, has been captured after some novel detective work. He had a sweetheart in Michigan, and the detective engaged in the case, hearing this, instructed his best looking assistant to proceed to Michigan and make the acquaintance of the girl.

The assistant, finding that the young woman's people kept a boarding house, engaged board with them and then began a flirtation with the girl. She became very much smitten with the newcomer, and during one of their chats together he entered into a glowing account of his travels, and wandered around until he finally mentioned Kansas City and several acquaintances there, among whom was the absconder. She blushed at the mention of the name, and the detective interpreted this as meaning that she was still corresponding with the rascally clerk. He continued to pay the lady marked attention, and at length learned she was corresponding with a man named Thompson, in Chicago. This intelligence being communicated to the chief detective, another assistant was despatched to hunt up Thompson, who was found, and turned out be the man wanted. He was arrested and all but $350 of the stolen money recovered.

AT a cooking lecture: "Lady (soliloquizing)—"Now that she has got it cooked I wish she'd tell us how to use up cold mutton." Next lady over hears and remarks: "I have some infallible recipes." First lady (alert with pencil and note-book)—"Will you please favor me!" Second lady—"Six boys."

Humorous.

A COUNTRY IDYL.

"Have you dug your grass?" asked the city chap
Of the staring farmer man,
For he thought he would not crush the swain
Beneath his social ban.
"How was your crop when you dug your grass?
Did the weevils hurt your peas?
And did the canker-worm destroy
Your young cucumber trees!

"I love, good sir, the country air,
From the town I fain would flee,
And lose myself in rural dreams
'Neath the potato tree.
I would pluck the turnip from its vine,
Thro' the parsnip meadow push,
And rest beneath the grateful shade
Of the bending cabbage bush.

"Oh, I fain would be a simple swain,
And drive my yoke of cows,
And rest at noon beneath the shade
Of the rutabaga boughs,
Oh, I'd hunt the woods for the cocoa-nut bush
The whole of the livelong day,
Or start at morn with the rustic hoe
To dig the hills for hay.

"And if at noonday I grew faint
With my labor's strain and rush,
I would mix the milkweed's luscious milk
With mushroom's luscious mush.
I would pluck the pineapple from the pine—
But why has your color fled?"
But the farmer fell with a sickening thud—
The farmer man was dead.

—U. N. NONE.

A serious blow—A cyclone.

Designing men—Architects.

Made of all work—Some women's lives.

Going to pieces—Frequenting the theatre.

The sands of time—Those of the hour-glass.

What is the key-note to good breeding—B natural.

Happiest when his life is hanging by a thread—The spider.

Too dull for utterance—The man who is speechlessly drunk.

Why is ice on the thaw like true generosity?—Because it gives in all directions.

A San Francisco schoolboy described a mountain as "a lot o' land pointing up in the air."

"Great cry and little wool," was what the colored man said on being shown his new-born baby.

An auctioneer cannot expect to have his own way, He must always follow the bidding of another.

It is not so great a wonder, come to think, that so many people are illiterate. Everybody was born that way.

"Which is the best position in which to sleep?" asked a patient. "I usually lie down," replied the doctor.

"You press the trigger and we do the rest," as the revolver said to the fool who "didn't know it was loaded."

Mr. Crisscross: "Pass me the butter, please." Miss Featherbone "With all my heart." Mr. Crisscross: "Only the butter, please."

Young Sawbones: "They don't bleed people nowadays as they did twenty years ago, do they, professor?" Professor: "Not with the lancet."

The Majah: "What is your bust measurement, Colonel?" The Colonel: "I can take four or five glasses, sah, without the slightest inconvenience."

The most graceful of domestic animals is the cat, while the most awkward bird is the duck; but it won't do to use these facts for a basis if you want to call a woman pet names.

"Are the young women of the present day fit for wives?" asked an earnest lecturer the other day. "They are fit for husbands!" cried an enthusiastic female in the audience.

"Aunt Sue died this morning very sudd denly," said Mr. Fangle to his wife, as he read a telegram." "Is that so? Why only last week she had her teeth filled with solid gold."

"Look here, you have been calling upon the family of Colonel Blank for several years; how is it you don't marry one of his five daughters?" "Haw—you see I should not like to disappoint the others."

First young lady, at railroad station: "What time is it now, dear?" Second young lady, looking at her watch: "Mercy! We must begin saying good-bye, dear. The train will be here in half an hour."

Niagara hackman: "One dollar."

Visitor: "What for?"

Hackman: "Information."

Visitor: "You haven't told me anything."

Hackman: "Didn't you ask me what I'd charge to drive you to the Falls?"

"Visitor: "Yes; and you said five dollars, which is altogether too much."

Hackman: "Well, do yer suppose I'm goin' ter give away price-lists for nothin'? Poney up."

Keeper of country store: "I've got a fine line of window and door screens I'd like to show you."

Farmer Brown: "Wouldn't have 'em for love or money."

Storekeeper: "But residence in your house in summer will be unendurable, for the place is situated on low land that just swarms with mosquitoes."

Farmer Brown: "All the better, I say! Some of our city relations are coming to visit us this summer and I want the place to be too hot to hold 'em. They won't stay more'n one night."

POSTAGE STAMP FLIRTATION.—Although the postage stamp flirtation has been published a number of times we print it once more, and trust all who desire to preserve it will cut it out for that purpose:

Left Upper Corner.—Upright, "Good-by, sweetheart, good by;" reversed, "I love you;" diagonally, "My heart is another's;" side, "Have you e'er a lover dangling after you?"

Right Upper Corner.—Upright, nothing, pre-empted by rational beings; reversed, "Write no more;" diagonally, "Do you love me?" side, "Gentle sir, my heart is frolicsome and free."

Right Lower Corner.—Upright, "I wish your friendship;" reversed, "May I call and see you?" diagonally, "I might learn to;" side, "I am sincere."

Left Lower Corner.—Upright, "The coast is clear;" reversed, "Some one is in wait for you, so beware;" diagonally, "I fear to trust you;" side, "you are too bold."

Centre at Top.—Upright, "Yes;" reversed "My heart has long been yours;" diagonally, Darling, have you money?" aside, "You talk too much and say too little."

Centre, Right Side.—Upright, "I'll tell you some other time;" reversed, "I cannot trifle; show that you are in earnest;" diagonally, "I cannot give you up;" side, "I may change my mind."

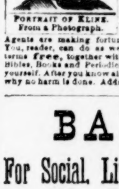
Centre, Left Side.—Upright, "Perhaps;" reversed, "I am engaged;" diagonally, "I long to see you;" aside, "I entreat you to be less cruel."

Centre, at Bottom.—Upright, "No;" reversed, "I hate you;" diagonally, "Go, flatterer, go! I'll not trust to thy vow;" side, "You may write if you wish."

THE BOARD OF TRADE.—A most appalling sound was heard in the nursery, and the astonished father, with his hair on end, ran to see what was the matter. He opened the door and looked in. Willie was sitting astride his drum, kicking it with both feet. Johnny was twisting the cat's tail, and bringing forth howls of dire agony. Tommy was whirling a rattle. Bobby Stepleford, a neighbor's boy, was superintending a fight between two vociferous dogs. Hurry Pingmore, another visitor, was jumping up and down on an empty barrel; half a dozen other casual youngsters were pounding tin pans, and all were yelling at the top of their voices. "What is the meaning of this unearthly racket?" demanded the father, as soon as he could make himself heard above the din. "We're playing Chicago Board of Trade," responded Willie. "Fellers, let 'er go once more!" And the pandemonium broke loose again.

"Madam, I have come to thank you," murmured a tramp to a woman out West, "What have I done for you?" asked the woman, surprised. "You refused to give me one of those dumplings you had for dinner yesterday." "Yes—I remember,' she replied impatiently. "And you gave one old man who cleaned up your dooryard?" "True again. He was as industrious as you were lazy, and deserved it." "Madam," continued the tramp solemnly, "I owe you my life. It killed him!"

See back numbers of this publication for Voices from all parts.



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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Norwich, Norfolk, England.
Nov. 29, '88.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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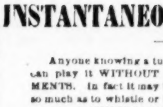

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Latest Fashion Phases.

In Paris bonnets are no longer crownless masses of tulle and flowers, but the crown is a nest of buds, blossoms or blooms of apple blossom redolent of summer fantasy or overladen with hawthorn. Summer and Fall fashions are the most interesting of the seasons—they are so suggestive, never overdrawn, leaving something to be imagined. The new bonnets are filled in crowns with shirred silk, crepe or flowers. I saw an artist's conception carried out by a Rue de la Paix modiste. It was of black tulle, with the front in a point of transparent lace and in each point was embroidered a pure diamond threaded design.

I saw a white foulard silk with heads of horses embroidered in hair threads of most natural brown tints, intended for a robe to be worn on that day.

Hats and bonnets are of horsehair in cockade shape. Some are filled with pansies and tulips, others are like upturned basketfuls of roses. Fancy a black tulle bonnet plain in front, the crown composed of blushing pink roses, the strings of watered pink tulle, which is, as you will perceive a novelty. Large palmetto shaped hats have borders in the rim of yellow button roses and strings of tulle.

To be perfectly attired during the month of June, wear black lace over yellow moire and don a black lace bonnet crushed in yellow roses. The new mahogany tints of red used in robes are loud, but I counted seven shades of red worn in summer costumes, and glancing up and down the Champs Elysees, upon either side, I was struck by the picturesque appearance of sleeves to dresses. There were blue velvet ones to stone colored robes and red ones to black, mounted upon the shoulders with round ruffs. I think no dress had sleeves of the same material, and black silk robes were in half-mourning, judging from the violet sleeves which were worn with each robe. Fashion admits of a pair of deep carnation red sleeves being applied to a dress of any color.

An eccentricity is admissible in sleeves this season. I have seen a gray cheviot costume furnished with sleeves of deep scarlet velvet, or a lilac dress with pink sleeves and a yellow nun's veiling finished off with baggy red silk sleeves, regular scarlet letter bag affairs, attracting attention of every passer by. Bright neck ribbons are worn to high collars. Little mantles are gathered and pleated or draped on shoulder pieces, or are bunched up with bows of ribbon and jets, but few black mantels are worn. They are of maize, tan, mauve and gray tints. Cashmere of all the delicate tints is in vogue. Visites are left to old ladies; young ladies want everything dressy, plaited and fluffed. Jackets are reserved for morning dresses. Corselets fit tightly from the waist to the arm pits and are generally of bright tinted velvet. Parasols are of every tint of the rainbow, checked and striped, and are not pretty. Speaking of corselets, I have just seen a black silk robe finished off with a gold corselet, and handsome it was.

Short waists are coming in favor, worn with immense wide satin sashes. Bal Poudres have introduced Louis XV styles, which, you know, mean full paniers and skirts festooned with pale roses. I saw a yellow satin dress worked in fine jets, to represent in form and color the wild strawberries found at this time in St. Cloud forest. Peasant and artist alone understand gathering these tiny, sweet scented favorites. They are the mode. I have seen the natural strawberry vine worn over black lace dresses most effectively in the evening at some ball, which had been gathered in the morning while the dew stained the tan colored slipper and darker shade of silk stocking which was worn; and, by the way, let me tell you, black stockings and black gloves are out of date—substituted by yellow ones. If you have any thread lace in your drawer, take it out and open up a seam in your hose and set it in over the instep. It may look theatrical, but is not all the world a stage? and do not the small things of life form the proper additions to the toilette that help to bring out the grand effect sought by every fashion votary? The first empire style of robe came out in this Republican form of government, and the wives of ministers are dressed as in days of kings and queens and cater to the epoch. A freak, and crazy it is, too, of hanging to the veil to the back of the hat and letting it touch the hem of the dress in the back, is just introduced, for being made of net it blows away unless tucked around the neck five or six times. Poppies and gueldier roses, not forgetting coronets of forget-me-nots, form head pieces for bonnets for theatre wear.

The hat which is to go with a heliotrope dress is all in heliotrope silk muslin, of the same pinkish tone as the dress, with a little green introduced of the shade of the chenille embroidery. A garland of the shaded hyacinths surrounds the crown. The sunshade, large and dome shaped, is in heliotrope ottoman, like the dress, edged with frills of silk muslin in green and heliotrope, and with clusters of hyacinths at the ferule.

A tea-gown is almost a necessity to the average woman, and she can make it cost about what she pleases. Here is a new and very beautiful one of old rose India silk trained. It has open, square cut Spanish sleeves, edged with Velasquez lace. Here is another which will figure in one of the handsomest Newport cottages. It is a Watteau gown of a soft white wool, scattered with rosebuds, made with the pleat from between the shoulders at the back and gathered full on the hips into the short bodice, with its pale blue silk chemisette edged with lace and its elbow sleeves. The petticoat is of the same light blue silk, and so are the satin slippers.

The first dress to be thought of in planning a summer resort wardrobe is the walking-gown. There are women who provide themselves with twenty and change two or three times a day, but a woman of modest tastes can get on well enough with two, and many prefer to have only one, but get that from a good tailor. A tailor-made walking gown costs from $70 to $130. All the light shades of the suede-gray, brown and green serges, homespuns and camel's-hairs are good and can be made up becomingly at little expense if a jacket be had to match, lined with some bright, contrasting color, say red against black, or pale gold with olive or fawn. The tartans are still fashionable.

For wear with the walking gown one must not choose a big flower hat, picturesque and becoming though it be at a lawn party, but a little toque or turban; say a brown straw with trimmings of ribbon wool. The parasol, too, must be a simple one, with well-arched top, medium length handle and no furbelows unless a sash of tartan silk.

The average young woman wants a tennis gown. If she is only moderately athletic she may get on with one dress for an occasional afternoon with the racquet or on the water. Such a dress, suitable for either tennis or yachting or any formal out-of-door occasion, may have an underskirt of a delicate green wool with a tiny figure in cream and a blouse waist of cream, with sleeves puffed at the shoulders. If she is an indefatigable player or spends much time boating, and wants exercise dresses for downright service, they may be more carefully differentiated. A yachting dress to stand fog or the splashing of foam-capped waves must be made of a good serge, and may be dark-blue in color, the round skirt circled with lines of gold. The waist may be a blouse of white washing-silk, confined by a belt, the clasp of which is a gold oar. The hat may be a soft blue felt about which is a gold cord, or a regular yachting cap, or a white glazed hat. With such a suit should go a natty blue serge jacket lined with gold colored silk and a pair of low cut tan shoes. A tailor won't provide such an outfit short of $100, but an ingenious woman with the help of a good dressmaker may smile at such figures.

An ingenious woman will take the skirt of such a yachting dress, and on that basis construct suits enough for a whole cruise. Instead of the silk blouse she will wear with it sometimes a serge waistcoat with brass buttons, under that a linen shirt and over it a brass buttoned reefer. She will see that there is variety in her blue and white and gold silk scarfs to be knotted into four-in-hand ties, and she will have an Eton jacket, very probably, of white duck for odd occasions.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF MATTERS.

Plum Cake.—If plum cake is steamed for three hours and then baked for one hour, it will be found better than when baked in the ordinary way.

Gooseberry Sauce. — Boil one pint of gooseberries till tender; rub through a sieve, after the water has been drained off, and to half a pint of pulp put a wineglassful of sorrel or spinach juice, half an ounce of butter, a pinch of sugar, nutmeg, pepper and salt. Serve hot.

Fish.—It is better to steam fish than to boil it. Oysters are delicious when cooked in this way. Drain, then lay on a plate and steam for about ten minutes until they look white and plump. Use the liquor for a dressing after beating and mixing with an equal quantity of milk or cream, the liquid being thickened with a little cornflour.

Parsley pie.—Wash and pick as much parsley as, when chopped, will fill a moderate sized pie dish; take one pound of lamb ribs, chop them into small pieces, and mix with the parsley in the dish; season with pepper and salt, nearly fill the dish with water, cover with a good dripping crust, and bake one hour and a quarter.

Dutch apple pudding.—Pare some apples and cut into fine slices, first removing the core; place a layer at the bottom of a dish, and strew over it sugar, currants and grated lemon rind; add some of the lemon in thin slices, then more apples, currants, chopped candied peel, sugar, etc., until the dish is full. Grate over a little nutmeg cover with a good paste and bake.

Care of plants.—The leaves of plants should be kept free from dust; hence frequent washings are absolutely essential, although, when watering never wet the flowers of the plant nor allow drops of water to stand on the leaves in the sunshine. Never allow water to stand in the saucers of the pots unless the plants are semi-aquatic. Watering is at least two fold. It supplies to plants food or elements to fertility contained in itself, and converts the plant food or nourishment of the soil into a liquid form so that it may be absorbed by the roots. The roots of a plant must be kept moist.

Apple cheese.—Pulp any amount of apples, and to every pound of pulp add a pound of powdered sugar, the grated rind and juice of four small lemons, and four well beaten eggs. When the ingredients are well mixed, put them into a stewpan in which butter is melted in the proportion of one ounce to every pound of mixture. Stir it over a moderate fire until all the butter is thoroughly absorbed, then pour into pots or moulds. If tied down like jam and kept in a dry but not hot place, it will keep for many weeks.

Potato Salad.—Three good sized potatoes cold, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful black pepper, five tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one good sized onion, three or four sprigs of parsley. Put the salt and pepper into a bowl, and gradually add the oil; stir until the salt is thoroughly dissolved; gradually add the vinegar, stirring all the while. Chop the onion fine. Cut the potatoes into thin slices, mix them carefully with the onion, then add the dressing, and turn them upside down without breaking the potatoes. Dish and stand away in a cold place for an hour or two. Sprinkle with parsley, chopped fine.

Non-poisonous Fly Paper. — A non-poisonous fly paper is made by pouring half a gallon of water over one pound of quassia wood, allowing it to stand over night, and then boiling the strained fluid down to one quart. The wood must be again boiled with one quart of water until one pint remains, when the two infusions are mixed together and from one-half to three-quarters of a pound of sugar dissolved in it. The paper is now passed through this fluid, drained, and hung up to dry. Blotting paper of any color may be used, and a small piece of it thus prepared, placed in water in a saucer, will prove a very effective destroyer of the pests. Persian insect powder, blown into the air by means of an insect-powder gun, will quickly rid a room of flies, and is a good remedy for the removal of cockroaches and ants.

Plum Pudding.—One pound of raisins, one pound of suet chopped fine, three-quarters pound of stale bread crumbs, one one-quarter pound of brown sugar, grated rind of one lemon, one-quarter pound of flour, one pound of currants, one-half of a nutmeg grated, five eggs one-half pint of orange juice, one-half pound of minced candied orange peel. Clean, wash, and dry the currants, stone the raisins; mix all dry ingredients well together, beat the eggs add to them the orange juice, then pour them over the dry ingredients, and mix thoroughly. Pack into greased small kettles or moulds (this will make about six pounds,) and boil for six hours at the time of making, and six hours when wanted for use.

Vegetable Puree.—Put one ounce of suet into a frying pan; cut into it one small onion, one carrot, a potato and turnip; stir until all the vegetables are slightly browned, then turn them into a soup-kettle; add two tablespoonfuls of rice, a little celery seed, and two quarts of cold water; simmer gently one hour, then press the whole through a very fine sieve. Return to the soup kettle, add two level tablespoonfuls of corn flour moistened in a little cold water, stir continually until it boils, add a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, and serve. This soup should be just about the consistency of cream. If, after you have finished the boiling, it should appear too thick, add a little hot water.

Confidential Correspondents.

THEO.—By "consols" in England we are to understand "Consolidated annuities." A form of investment.

NATALIE.—There is no impropriety in accepting a present of a book from a gentleman with whom you are on intimate terms of friendship.

L. N. S.—A fair cologne is made with half an ounce of lavender, two drachms of oil of rosemary, one and a half ounces of essence of lemon, twenty-four drops of oil of cinnamon, and one gallon of alcohol.

C. E. W.—You are not doing wrong in marrying him; if people married only their first love in all cases or remained single, the percentage of old bachelors and old maids among the population would be uncomfortably large.

E. G. E.—Bananas are picked when unripe, and generally ripen here, and consequently are not as juicy as they are home in their native clime. We do not think they would be good preserved or cooked under the circumstances.

PAINTING.—Cut a raw potato in two, and gently rub the smooth inside over the painting. A little white froth will be produced, which you can carefully sponge off with clean water, and use the other half of the potato in the same way as before. This will remove old dust and fly marks, etc.

BASHFUL.—There is no harm in your singing any more than the young birds attempting to do so, or the young cocks to crow, however hoarsely. What would be injurious is a regular course of training of the voice by a master, which should only begin, and very carefully too, when infancy is giving place to maturity.

PERPLEXITY.—There is no question of delicacy in the matter; and we always feel very strongly about such cases. The man had no right to amuse himself in your company unless he means fairly. The flirts who contrive to entangle a girl so that no other man cares to pay his addresses to the "cast-off" are merely social pests. Throw sentiment aside, waste no more of your youth, and let him know that unless he can speak his mind like a man he had better keep himself to himself.

E. P. P.—Give the boy tools, and let him find out for himself whether he has any mechanical taste or not. Do not discourage him, as parents are apt to do, by saying, "Oh, it is of no use for you to try to do anything with tools! I never had any taste that way, and of course you have not." If a boy finds he can make a few articles with his hand, it tends to make him rely on himself; and the planning that is necessary for the execution of the work is a discipline and an education of great value to him.

C. H. R.—The Cherokee Nation inhabit the northeast portion of the Indian Territory. The tribe was once a very powerful one, living in the southern part of the United States, in what is now Georgia and the Carolinas. They are aborigines—one of the most intelligent and civilized of the Indian tribes. They have a government among themselves, which is subservient to that of the United States. It consists of a council, not a legislative assembly. The chief is elected by the people, and different tribes elect for different periods.

DESPAIRING.—We should advise you not to wash your hair too much; a good brushing in the morning is far better than so much wetting. Use a brush that will go well through the hair and get to the skin of the head, and be very careful not to adopt a tight method of hair dressing; plait it as loosely as you can, and avoid many hairpins, and above all do not heat your head with false hair either in plaits or fringes. Perhaps your general health is out of order; the hair is much affected by the health. Use cold baths, and take plenty of exercise in the fresh air.

ANXIOUS.—Do not let the habit grow upon you; insomnia when once it really takes hold of anyone is most difficult to cure. Get as much open air exercise as you can, and go to bed at a regular hour. Make up your mind to sleep, and after a time you will be able to do it. Put all thoughts of the daily work and life away as soon as you get into bed; it is a difficult thing to do, but it can be done. Do not go to bed on an empty stomach; a moderate supper conduces to a good night's rest, and insomnia frequently arises from want of food, the sufferer perhaps not feeling hungry, only tired and restless.

C. W. C.—Maria Felicia Malibran, the renowned opera singer, visited New York in 1825. In November of that year she appeared at the Park Theatre in that city, and was enthusiastically received. She married an elderly French merchant of the place (Eugene Malibran) and subsequently De Beriot, the celebrated violinist. She was the eldest daughter of Manuel Garcia, who was an instructor as well as singer. She commenced her musical studies at nine years of age, and made her debut in opera in London in her seventeenth year. She was born in Paris, March 24, 1808, and died in Manchester, Sept. 23, 1836.

MARIE S.—You may read Lalla Rookh without any harm. Moore is essentially an amorous poet; that is, he constantly refers to love, and sometimes in an effeminate way which will surely hurt a pure mind; but he does not do this in Lalla Rookh, and the imagery, scholarship, and poetry are very beautiful. It is absurd to condemn a book because "love" is mentioned in it, like they do songs at ladies' schools. What we want is to make love strong, holy, pure. Women are just as bad as men, and go on smirking and ogling at a fearful rate. When you have left off that, you may fall in love as fast as you like; and one of the best occupations in life, surely one of the sweetest, is the cultivation of a good, honest, wholesome passion for a good girl or man. When an angel is in the house all is right; nothing bad approaches it. It is only when the house is empty, swept clean, and garnished, that the seven devils come in.

STUDENT.—This correspondent puts us through quite a catechism concerning ancient peoples. "Who are the Goths?" he asks; "who the Saracens, the Huns, the Franks?" The word Saracen means Oriental, Eastern, from Sharka, the sun, to rise. A Saracen is an Arabian Musselman, propagator of the Mahommedan faith. The Goths are an ancient tribe of Asiatic origin, who invaded and helped to overthrow the Roman Empire. They were ignorant barbarians, and destroyed all libraries and works of art, hence all worthless destroyers are called Goths. The Vandals were another barbarous tribe. The Huns were first mentioned by the Chinese in the third century before Christ—under one of the Scythians, who conquered Pannonia, and gave it its present name of Hungary. The Franks were one of the German tribes inhabiting Franconia, who in the fifth century overran and conquered Gaul and established the Kingdom of France. Emperors are often called Franks indiscriminately.